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NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT is in recess till October, and if Mr. MacDonald still believes his boast of two years ago, Ministers will be able to work when their attention is not distracted by daily attendance at the House of Commons. To the nation it must be admitted that there does not appear to be any sensible difference between their performance (or rather non-performance) in session and out of session. The need for action accumulates, but nothing definite is done.

The Report of the Committee on Economy, which is conventionally headlined as "sensational," will have very little effect except to prolong the life of the Independent Labour Party. In the present circumstances there is much to be

said for a reduction of Civil Service and teachers' salaries. But the Government and Parliament have no moral authority to do so, until they cut their own wages.

A 10 per cent. deduction from Ministers' and Members' salaries would not put either the one or the other to the necessity of selling bootlaces in Whitehall; but it would at least be an indication to the nation that the Government was alive to the seriousness of the present financial position. As it is, they seem to think that so long as they can get through 1931 somehow, 1932 will take care of itself.

* * *

No criminal commercial trial of recent years has attracted so much attention as the Kysant-Morland case at the Old Bailey. It was spec-



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tacular in effect, it was interesting in detail, it was important in its consequences; indeed, the magnitude of the actual issues at stake rather overshadowed both the admitted eminence of the prisoners in the dock and the forensic fame of the counsel for prosecution and defence.

The conviction of Lord Kylsant was known too late for considered comment in this issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. But it may be said at once that the trial has served its purpose in directing public attention more forcibly than ever before to the duties of auditors and directors, and to the need—now openly admitted—for a further revision of the Companies Acts.

It should be added that Mr. Justice Wright performed an important public service, not merely by the way he presided at the trial, but by the clear and logical way in which he cut through from the inevitable maze of figures and technicalities and current accounting practice and commercial phraseology, to the actual moral issues underlying the case and business life generally. His occasional comments during the trial were often illuminating, and his summing-up was a masterly performance that will not soon be forgotten.

* * *

It is not easy to see what useful purpose is being achieved by the visit of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary to Berlin in view of all that has happened since the arrangements for it were first made. What the Germans want is financial assistance without political conditions, and this is just what France will not concede. Such being the case, Mr. MacDonald has only two courses open to him, viz., to persuade the Germans to accept the French terms, or to promise them British assistance in their resistance to Paris.

In neither event was it necessary or desirable for him to go to Berlin, and as it is very doubtful whether the Government has any fixed policy in the matter at all, it would have been far better for him and Uncle Arthur to have remained quietly at home. As it is, I shall be surprised if the result of the visit is not to rouse hopes in Berlin, and suspicions in Paris, that will only make the existing situation worse. The Premier's desire to be all things to all men has landed this country in scrapes enough already.

Indeed, I am inclined to think that the usefulness of the peripatetic statesman is vastly overrated. Ignorant of the history, language and outlook of the foreign countries they visit, the national leaders of this post-war period tour the Continent like cinema stars, and with an equal idea of their own importance. Metternich was accused of mistaking an analysis for a solution, but the politicians of to-day commit a far more serious blunder. They make a banquet, and they call it peace.

A well-informed correspondent writes from Prussia: "Germany is preparing for the next catastrophe. Receipts from various taxes have dropped enormously. The amount realized during the present month is approximately 10 per cent.—a deficit of 90 per cent. in respect of

previous calculations. An even larger reduction in the amounts to be collected in August can be anticipated. The Reichs Exchequer being empty and the possibility of replenishment being, to all intents and purposes, nil, the Government had no alternative but recourse to that clause in the 'Notverordnung' whereby the salaries of officials are paid in instalments.

"Internal party tension in Germany grows daily more pronounced, and Nationalist opposition is dealt with drastically without, however, in any way stemming the growth of Right Wing adherents. The rising bitterness and discontent among the Nationalists is utilized by the Communists to further their own ends. Even the Reichspresident has been affected by the march of events during the last weeks, and it was only on the understanding that Dr. Brüning would not return empty-handed from London, that the President put his signature to the 'Notverordnung'."

* * *

There have been various indications of late, both at private dinner-tables and the more serious press, that the attention of thinking men is once again turning to bimetalism. But this time the subject is no longer being discussed in the academic way of thirty or forty years ago, when the late Lord Balfour vainly attempted to interest the world in its mysteries, but as a possible practical solution of currency and economic difficulties.

It is significant in this connexion that the only part of the Macmillan Report which has evoked any interest or discussion is in that section which was concerned with the working of the gold standard. The Report suggests that the gold standard was effective in Victorian times because it was worked according to the rules of the game. In other words, movements of gold were allowed to affect prices, raising them in the countries to which gold went, lowering them in the countries from which it came.

It is, of course, clear that the rules are not observed nowadays. Two countries are permanently offside—America, which "sterilizes" her gold for fear that its release would start a new fever of speculation, and France, for reasons which are less certain, but which are thought, at any rate, on this side of the channel, to have something to do with the finance of the next war.

Whatever the causes, the results are certain. "Sterilized" gold ceases to count. It vanishes as if hoarded in the soil and, as gold grows scarcer and therefore more valuable, prices fall. The remedy which has suggested itself to many minds is to use silver in gold's place. It, too, is a precious metal and a familiar medium of exchange. Why not let its abundance make good the deficiency of gold?

The difficulty is that if gold and silver are both to be used as currency, the relation between them must be constant. Twenty silver shillings, for example, must always make one gold pound. Actually, however, the relation fluctuates, and must fluctuate unless the earth can be made to yield both metals in the same proportion.

There is, however, the device of making silver legal tender to a certain limit. We do it at home. Why should it not be done internationally?

* * *

An unforeseen but not illogical result of the debate on the Sunday Films Bill, which, as I foreshadowed, failed to pass before the House rose for the holidays, is that it has revived the demand for a State censorship of films. The present system is a tissue of anomalies. The Censorship has no official status, being a creation of the industry, by which its expenses are paid; its adverse decisions can be flouted by exhibitors and are continually being disregarded by County Councils and other local authorities; and it alternates between extending the greatest latitude to American salacities and banning or cutting (usually in the most inept fashion) pictures of artistic value or scientific interest.

I am not surprised that the Attorney-General should have told a Parliamentary Committee last week that "the whole system of licensing of films is at present very unsatisfactory," and that "the time is quickly coming when we really shall have to take the question in hand." Sir William Jowitt's attitude is the more understandable when it is realized that if an exhibitor shows a picture that is banned by the trade Censorship, even the Home Office has no power to prosecute. To entrust the matter to local authorities would only result in accentuating the existing anomalies; the logical course is obviously to set up a national authority with functions similar to those exercised by the Lord Chamberlain in connexion with stage plays.

* * *

A legal correspondent writes: "The addition lately of three extra judges in the County Court is freely taken as a hint of as many new faces in the King's Bench Division when term reopens in October. They say, too, that Mr. Herbert du Parc, K.C., is to be the first. Incidentally the Commission of Sir Lancelot Sanderson did nothing to relieve arrears in London. The Master of the Rolls being unwilling, Lord Merivale was called upon to leave his Probate Division and sit in Sir Lancelot's place at the Privy Council. Such an expedient hardly augments the traditional respect for the majesty of British law."

* * *

The grave illness of Mr. Lloyd George this week has come as a shock to the public, which judged him on his forty years' record as a man of few ailments, and those minor ones. He is a man with whom Conservatives have disagreed vigorously, and even violently, in the past, and with whom they will disagree again. But one cannot forget that he rendered great services to his country in the war, and we hope for his recovery and eventual return to public life.

* * *

The purchase price that weak government pays in the Orient is revealed by news from India this week. Murder and attempted murder is just

what the subversive elements, always ready there and dangerous, have learnt from the Irwin policy. The parallel to 1856-58 is ominous enough. I have always noted that disrespect for the rights of property leads, by a short step, to disregard for the sanctity of human life. On the head of one man out there as C-in-C., Sir Philip Chetwode, rests an unenviable burden; for in the last resort it is our army that counts.

* * *

A detective in every room—fourteen in all—at the private dance of a leading nobleman in Surrey forms an unpleasing comment on modern ways. It was, indeed, a gate-crashing Mr. Raffles that Lord Onslow, with his countless treasures, had to fear, and quite reasonably, too. Soon after the war I remember a bad burglary at Bedwell Park—Colonel Fremantle's Hertford home—at just some such gathering. The picture thief or thieves openly sauntered past the dancers.

* * *

Mme David-Neel, the Frenchwoman who spent some years at Lhasa studying the Tibetans' mystic arts, might make a good deal of money by coming to England and giving lessons in Toumo, an art which enables those who have mastered it to raise the internal heat of the body to such a point as to be able to sit naked in the snow at an altitude of 12,000 feet without discomfort; for our summer has declared a moratorium, river picnics are a forlorn hope, swimming a heroism, and, where once we should have sat out on the lawn till midnight, now we draw curtains and light fires.

* * *

The Gaelic enthusiasts in the Free State have to suffer many rebuffs at the hands of those whom they seek to benefit. One of Mr. Cosgrave's colleagues, who shall be nameless, engaged for his children a nurse who could only speak Irish, but at the end of a year she gave notice. On being asked if she was dissatisfied, she replied in the negative, and explained that her sole object in coming to Dublin was to learn English, and that now she had learnt it she was going to America. Truly the path of the reformer is hard.

ON THE SOLENT

BY HENRY W. CLARK

OUT-BOUND, the ships thrust east their prows,
a-strain

Against the water's slowly ceded wall,
Toward lands which, past the far sea's sloping fall,
The distance dangles from its magic rein.

In-faring, west they throb, their pulses fain
The eve's fast-crowding shadows to forestall,
And, with one last spring toward the harbour's call,
Drop anchor to the lilt "Home! home again!"

They pass—nor heed my aching, wistful cry
For spaces tented by heaven's unwrapped scroll:
Only within me sad sigh answers sigh,

"Cease! cease! for though I compass pole and pole,
I bear, bring back, and must until I die,
The homeland of my own unquiet soul."

AN UNFRUITFUL SESSION

FOREIGN affairs have monopolized public attention so much of late that it has required the end of the session this week to remind the outside world of the existence of Parliament—a land in which it now seems always afternoon, and a rather stuffy afternoon at that, in which men talk endlessly of the great deeds they are going to do to-morrow, but decide with a weary sigh that circumstances over which they have no control prevent them from doing anything in particular to-day. *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus* is the phrase that best fits the labours of the House of Commons during the first seven months of the present year. The Government has breathed out fire and slaughter against the Opposition and all its works, while Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues have replied with denunciations of the worst administration in the history of Great Britain; but, in fact, Mr. MacDonald has done singularly little to accelerate the advent of the Socialist millennium, while the Conservatives have done even less to hasten the return of their own party to power. Only the Liberals have any cause for rejoicing, and that merely because they have succeeded in postponing the evil day in which their constituents will be able to call them to account. The sole result of so many days and nights of talk has been the decision to impose a land tax in two years' time, and to appoint a horde of new officials at a cost of several hundred thousand pounds to make the necessary preparations.

Were we living in the palmy days of Sir Robert Walpole, all this would not, perhaps, be a matter of much consequence, but, in fact, events of far-reaching consequence are taking place, though they may leave no ripple upon the water at Westminster, or, if they do manage to obtrude themselves upon the notice of the House of

Commons, are utilized in such a way as may best serve some party purpose. In these circumstances, we are not surprised that the whole Parliamentary system is falling into disrepute, and the recent session has in no way served to rehabilitate it in the public esteem.

The recess gives our rulers, including the Opposition, some two months in which to reflect upon the state to which the country has been brought by their ineptitude, and time to make up their minds to mend their ways. There can be no doubt whatever that the coming winter will test, more severely than it has ever been tested before, the entire political, economic and social fabric of modern civilization, and Great Britain will certainly not escape her share of the crisis. We shall, indeed, be fortunate if the number of unemployed at home has not reached three millions before another six months have passed, if the position in Central Europe has not gone from bad to worse, and if the moratorium has not become a fashionable remedy for countries in distress. With this prospect before us, is this the time to quarrel over the Alternative Vote and the political views of Justices of the Peace?

In short, we would ask those from whom alone there is hope of salvation—the leaders of the Conservative Party—to utilize their coming leisure to evolve a definite policy covering all the main problems of the day. Let them but think more, even if they have to talk less, and they will find that the country, weary as it is of the futilities of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Arthur Henderson, will respond with enthusiasm. On the other hand, if Parliament reassembles in the autumn in the same spirit as it rose yesterday, the consequences may be serious indeed. The British public is among the most patient in the world, but there are limits to its forbearance.

THE PRICE OF JUSTICE

THOSE who advocate drastic changes in our administration of justice are apt to sneer at the prospect of lawyers reforming themselves. Sir William Harcourt, a considerable lawyer himself, wrote in 1871 that "You might just as well expect a man to lift himself up in a basket as ask lawyers by themselves to reform the law. It is the public who must lift up the basket with the lawyers in it." There is some truth in the sneer, but in fairness to the lawyers of to-day it should be acknowledged that they are making no mean attempt to reform themselves. Last autumn the Lord Chancellor asked both the Bar Council and the Law Society to express their views on the memorandum on Law Reform that the London Chamber of Commerce had submitted to him, and both these professional organizations have recently reported. No blame attaches to either body for the restricted nature of their proposals. They were only asked to deal with the Chamber of Commerce Report, and that report had limited scope. But before long bigger problems connected with the admin-

istration of justice will have to be investigated. A recent book on legal reform pointed out that one of the terrors of the litigant is that the humblest case may turn out to involve a new point of law, and that then our system is merciless. The litigant is vivisected for the benefit of legal science, and at the end has to do what even the dog on the vivisectionist's table is not asked to do—pay the operator's bills.

Any day the humblest landlord or tenant may have to spend £100 or more in solving a rather silly problem that has been worrying our courts for years. Small landlords buy some of the necessary legal forms from local stationers. The form they need most is the ordinary Notice to Quit. It so happens that the printed notice sold in the shops contains the words "notice to quit on or before" the date fixed. In 1927 a High Court judge threw doubt on the legal validity of such a Notice to Quit, and ever since tenants in certain courts have snatched expensive victories over their landlords by inducing judges to say that the Notice to Quit was invalid. In May,

1930, a County Court judge appealed pathetically to litigants before him to take the point on appeal to the High Court. But nobody has wanted to bell the cat, and it is nobody's duty to declare the law apart from individual litigation.

In the new English and Empire Digest there are cited nearly three-quarters of a million cases—each one deciding some new legal point at the expense of the parties. Thus has our law been built up. "Nine-tenths of our law of contract and nearly the whole of the law of torts [civil wrongs]" wrote the late Professor Dicey, has been built up in this way. And it is being so built to-day. Litigants are forced from court to court while lawyers spend their energies and their clients' money in worrying out legal points which the litigants probably never thought of when they began their case. The books on the Rent Restriction Acts, the Workmen's Compensation Acts—to mention two branches of law that affect humble people—are crowded with judge-made law, all made at the expense of litigants. There is no prospect that Parliament will give us the necessary detailed law; much of the law that Parliament gives us already is very bad. What we need is some judicial body which, in non-political law, shall have legislative powers. But until in some way or other we can relieve the average litigant from the burden of law-making we can never be satisfied with our legal methods.

Our present methods of civil trials are not suited to the needs of the people. More and

more the humblest in the land are compelled to seek the aid of our judges. In 1903 one judge, by working fifteen days a month, supplied the needs of the County Courts at the Wandsworth, Aldershot, Farnham, Reading, Newbury, Chertsey, Croydon, Kingston, Guildford, Epsom and Godalming areas. To-day that same judge is limited to Wandsworth, Kingston and Croydon. He sits on twenty days in the month and has to have a deputy for several days at Wandsworth each month. Here is a striking illustration of the enormous growth in the public need for judicial decision of non-criminal problems. The same growth has taken place in most parts of the country. Legislation and the growing complexity of modern life have driven the public to litigation, and our machinery and methods have not kept abreast of the public need.

Some of the ways in which the public need for quick and inexpensive justice could be supplied were recently discussed by Mr. Claud Mullins in his book 'In Quest of Justice,' and these and other proposals should be looked into by those who recognize this as one of the problems of the day. Unfortunately its solution offers no political advantage to any party and no gratitude to any experts, but one may reasonably have sufficient faith in the public spirit of our public men to hope that before long the problem of improving our civil justice will be seriously tackled, and in the tackling it will probably be found that the legal profession will be ready to give a large measure of help.

THE CRISIS OF THE MARK

BY PAUL PAINLEVE

TO the historian of the future the characteristic feature of the post-war period will be its monetary crisis. Whether conquering or conquered, all the warring nations of Europe have seen their exchanges totter and collapse. England alone has proudly maintained the value of the pound sterling: but it has paid for this economic heroism by the comparative stagnation of its industry, and by chronic unemployment which it has not yet succeeded in curing.

There is no development, financial, economic or social, which is more artificial in its origins and at the same time more imperious, more sudden in its effects than a monetary crisis. One can understand the ravages of famine or plague. But that a whole industrious people, disciplined and hard-working, with all the manpower and all the means of production it requires, should abruptly and without notice be involved in cataclysmic upheaval—why, one asks, should such a thing be? And the answer is that the people in question is short of gold, short (that is to say) of a non-consumable element, of a purely conventional measure of exchange! Here is something far more difficult to explain or understand.

It is a fact that the primary origin of a monetary crisis is always some colossal catastrophe or some disaster bringing misery in its train; and no catastrophe could be more colossal than a world war. A crisis may be said to have begun when the national exchange has to be artificially fixed—"pegged," as the expression was during the war. Once a note, which has no intrinsic value of its own, is no longer exchangeable for a precious metal (the price of which guarantees

the nominal value of the note), the exchange is in jeopardy.

It is threatened, not merely with a rational fall—by "rational" I mean a fall which accurately reflects the impoverishment of the country that has actually taken place—but with a precipitous fall. For the equilibrium—then becoming an artificial one—which maintains the rate of exchange of the currency is essentially unstable. It is like a stone on a slope. The slightest shock may dislodge its precarious hold on the soil, and once loosened it is carried away by its own weight with increasing velocity. In the same way, if the exchange falls sufficiently rapidly to provoke uneasiness, this uneasiness in turn affects the exchange and accelerates the fall.

The issue of fresh notes becomes inevitable and increases the momentum. The speculative factor comes into play and aggravates the process. The collapse becomes a wild crash, and in a single instant entire sections of the population are ruined and reduced to poverty. The social consequences of such currency collapses are greater by far than any revolution.

When a country has overcome such a crisis—either by adopting a fresh currency or by stabilizing its fallen exchange at a low level—what happens next? Individual distress will remain; the exhaustion of reserves means a formidable invasion of foreign capital. The recollection of the collapse alone acts as a drag on confidence and magnifies the apprehension of a fresh crisis. But against this can be set the fact that the internal debt has been wiped out or considerably reduced, and the national energies, relieved of this burden, can once more be set to work. Given the will

to work and the will to save, national prosperity will be restored with a rapidity almost as paradoxical as the onslaught of the catastrophe itself. That is the story of what happened in France in 1926.

But the monetary drama may have a far more tragic ending—when neither internal measures nor outside help can stay the headlong fall of the exchange or establish a sound substitute currency. In this case the country (since it must somehow continue to exist) contrives—provided it has the man-power, machinery and raw materials—to evolve, at the cost of unnamed disorder and misery, an internal medium of exchange of its own, i.e., an unquoted currency unrecognized abroad. Such commodities as it needs from foreign countries it can obtain only by a process of barter; and barter of this kind is only possible if centralized in the Government. The Government in such circumstances is of necessity despotic: so that the inevitable conclusion of the drama is Government control of the entire country on the Bolshevik pattern with interludes of anarchy and revolutionary upheavals.

The first crisis of the mark in 1922 provided unforgettable examples of the characteristics described—dizzy falls of the exchange and crushing impoverishment of the population, followed by a miraculous economic recovery based on the Reichsmark. The trade balance is the striking feature of this recovery. After a colossal deficit in 1920, it began in 1929 to show a balance in Germany's favour. For the first four months of 1931 alone, German exports reached a total of nearly three milliards one hundred thousand Reichsmarks (£150,000,000), exceeding by over six hundred million marks (£29,000,000), the total imports (£121,000,000). The unemployment in Germany, serious as it is, is only a symptom of a general dislocation of production, which is by no means peculiar to Germany. At the end of 1929, all the experts assembled at the Hague to discuss the Young Plan, declared that Germany's position was so firmly established that her capacity to pay certainly exceeded the payments fixed.

In these circumstances, French public opinion was taken entirely by surprise at the abrupt revelation, on July 20, of the imminence of the catastrophe to the mark. Not that France was pleased by the event or that she refused help to prevent it, as certain detractors of France have suggested. Far from it. The man in the street in France, or for that matter the peasant in the countryside, has a deep-seated sense of international "solidarity." The difficulty was rather a realization of the possibility of a collapse of the mark.

What has happened since the recovery in 1923 to explain such an unlooked-for development? To-day there is no longer any question as to the danger. It is obvious to all. What is to be done about it?

Consider the problem from the most impartial standpoint. There is no doubt that without outside aid the mark can neither be saved nor replaced by a sound currency with a stable rate of exchange. Without such outside aid Germany would pass inevitably into the state of Bolshevization I have described, accompanied by bloodshed and struggles not difficult to imagine. But she would not be the only victim. Would the Central European countries, the Balkans, or Poland, be able to withstand the shock to their precarious economic equilibrium?

The most civilized countries, those whose machinery is the most perfect and intricate, would be the first to suffer from the revolutionary struggles with which this old continent would in such case be convulsed. And does America imagine that she would get off scot-free?

It would mean, not merely the loss of milliards, but a violent end to the capitalist system. On the most selfish grounds any man of any foresight whatever, who does not want world revolution, must agree that the mark must be saved.

How can it be done?

The first step to be taken is to determine the exact causes of the trouble in order to combat them. One of the most disturbing features of the present crisis is the fact that it has not been brought about by some unforeseen calamity, but is to all appearance an outcome of the normal course of events. If, therefore, nothing is done except advance money to Germany, the same causes will in a short time produce the same effects.

The causes of the crisis are at once economic and political; so are the measures of safety for which they call. The first thing to be done then in estimating the chain of cause and effect is to make a careful and critical study of German economic statistics for the past few years. How many Reichsmarks has Germany paid to foreign countries on reparation account, in cash or in kind? How many milliards has she received from foreign countries during the same period in the form of long and short term loans as well as in the form of capital investments in private enterprises?

It may be said at once frankly that the difference between the two totals is not such as to explain the collapse of the mark, if the money lent to Germany had been wisely employed. There has been talk of waste. That is not quite the right word. No doubt Government employees in Germany are proportionally more numerous and better paid than in France, but it is mainly on public works and national plant—i.e., useful expenditure, but on an excessive and precipitate scale—that the borrowed milliards have been squandered. Compare, for example the amounts spent each year in France and in Germany on roads and canals. But, however exorbitant certain items of German expenditure may be, this prodigality could not alone explain the threatened collapse of the mark: and so we come to the political causes.

These are obvious: the absence of any confidence in the maintenance of peace, and the tension which has developed between neighbouring countries, and in particular between France and Germany; for in the end everything depends on Franco-German relations. It can hardly be said that in the past year, despite the evacuation of the Rhineland, the cause of moral disarmament has made any progress! There is no question of humiliating or crippling Germany by taking advantage of her present distress: but it is too much to expect the French people to display a blind confidence while Germany is shaking her fist in their face. It is no use to go outside the limits of the possible.

This is how I would sum up, plainly and precisely, the problem with which the civilized world is now faced.

The mark must be saved. It cannot be saved without large foreign loans.

These loans can only be granted on a big scale and for a long term, and can only achieve their object, if the following conditions are observed:

1. There must be some assurance that they will be used wisely and economically and only for strictly necessary expenditure;
2. There must be a mutual effort of goodwill with a view to a kind of political armistice between neighbouring countries.

These conditions may seem complicated and difficult of fulfilment, but they can be met without exciting the apprehensions or susceptibilities of any nation. Their realization may take time: it may proceed by successive stages: but the logic of it is inexorable. It is certain that the London Conference will be followed by others. But what is certain also is that those organs of the Press which talk of leaving France out of account are making a grave mistake. The mere fact of France being left outside any definitive agreements would aggravate the existing unrest and render such agreements inoperative.

WHO'S FOR THE MOON?

BY R. ESNAULT PELTERIE

AS soon as the human mind opened to the understanding of things, it wondered why human beings could not fly and travel about in space as freely as winged creatures are able to do. Man's newly born understanding saw no difference in altitude between the hovering clouds and the twinkling stars, so that the imitation of birds appeared to him as the ultimate achievement, opening the way not only to terrestrial travels but to penetration into space, thus marking the final victory of man over Nature.

Nowadays, the development of our knowledge has changed these notions, at least for those who think, but it is astounding to see, as Camille Flammarion often pointed out, how little the public in general realizes the disproportion between the highest altitudes reached by man and the enormous distances between us and other worlds.

A few birds can fly some miles above the earth's surface, and those that man has built up out of metal and canvas have beaten them by climbing to a height of seven or eight miles; this is a good deal over the region of the highest clouds, the icy altostratus floating about five miles high. A few registering balloons have reached eighteen miles, and this at present appears to be the limit attainable by human endeavours.

We know from the laws of gases and gravity that the atmosphere extends a long way beyond that limit, while gradually decreasing in density. We know by observation that the density at a height of sixty or seventy miles is still sufficient to produce white heat in the meteoric stones that reach us from space at a speed of between ten and thirty, and sometimes fifty, kilometres a second. We also know that beyond this distance atmosphere still exists, though it is so tenuous that nothing reveals it except certain kinds of aurora borealis. Here begin the endless and empty fields of interplanetary space in which even the feeble and fugitive support of air will be denied to the wings of man.

The distance which must be travelled through the atmosphere is nothing when compared with the journey through space; 380,000 kilometres to the moon, 42,000,000 kilometres to Venus, 78,000,000 kilometres to Mars, reckoning the second and third of these distances at the period of the nearest approach of these planets to the earth. We need not even mention the distances to the stars, which are as great in comparison with those I have just quoted, as the latter are in comparison with the depth of our atmosphere.

A great many people still believe that science gives no means of access to these regions, and no means of moving about in them, and that man is for ever chained to his little globe by the laws of gravity.

Such a conception is entirely wrong. The laws of mechanics show beyond any doubt that it is quite possible to conceive a vehicle that can be mobile and dirigible without having any medium of material support. As a matter of fact, the principle of such a vehicle has been already known for centuries. It is the rocket!

We are accustomed to be told that the propulsive force of a rocket comes from the resistance offered by the air to the gases expelled by it. This is another mistake: the operation of a rocket is just the same as that of a rifle or machine-gun discharged in a state of free suspension—hanging, let us say, from two wires. Whenever a bullet is fired in one direction, the weapon is violently repelled in the other. A very simple law known as the "law of momentum" provides that the respective speeds acquired by the two movable bodies are in an inverse ratio to those of their masses. There is no exception to this law. Whether the force be

applied resiliently or with friction, the principle applies in exactly the same way, so that there can be no possible doubt as to the working of such an apparatus as described.

It makes no difference if the projectile is of a gaseous nature. The mathematical law remains unaltered. It is, therefore, certain that a rocket expelling a continuous jet of gas is subject to a propulsive force in empty space, just as much as—if not better than—in air.

As to the steering of such an apparatus, it could be realized just as well as in the case of an aeroplane, though by entirely different means.

I need hardly say that we are still a very long way from organizing interplanetary journeys, but during the last few years a good deal of practical as well as theoretical progress has been made. The principal experiment of the former kind was made by a German, Max Valier, who, following the example of Fritz von Opel, tried to produce a car propelled by rockets. This experiment was even more interesting than those of Von Opel, inasmuch as Valier used liquid reactives (liquid oxygen and petrol). His apparatus unfortunately exploded during the trial and killed him.

Professor Darwin O'Lyon, another American, who works at Vienna (Austria), also contrived a rocket, which was to have been sent up from the top of an Alpine peak. This rocket also exploded prematurely, injuring two or three people.

I am inclined to think that these inventors are going rather too fast, and that we should apply ourselves to regulating combustion until we obtain, by laboratory experiment, what we may call a "reaction motor," working as regularly as our present engines for motor-ing and flying. To act otherwise would simply be to put the cart before the horse, and this, I regret to say, is what seems to have been done up to the present, probably with the object of obtaining more or less interesting results likely to procure funds for the continuance of these costly experiments. When capitalists realize that the problem can only be solved by strictly scientific and progressive methods, and not by the sensationalism which led to such unnecessary sacrifice of lives in the early days of flying, the final progress will be much more rapid, and in four or five years we may have a meteorological rocket rising sixty miles from the earth and bringing back samples of the outer atmosphere, perhaps composed of hydrogen, as to the nature of which it is so much to the interest of science to obtain precise information.

When once this result is attained, it will very soon be utilized in the form of postal rockets, which will bring Paris within five minutes of London, Algiers within less than an hour of Paris, New York within half an hour of Chicago, and so on. The Atlantic itself will be crossed in a couple of hours, and, eventually, in half an hour when the apparatus is perfected.

DAWN AND TWILIGHT

BY ELLEN BARBARA FLOWER

FLUSHED face, and golden hair;
Shining eyes; and lips, and dimples, where
Lingers laughter.
And after?

* * *

Pale face, and silver hair;
Tear-dimmed eyes; and gentle lips, where
Lingers prayer.
Not laughter.

THE BEGINNING OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES—I

BY VIOLET HUNT

WHEN a young academy student called Charles Gabriel Rossetti got his rich uncle to stand him some lessons in painting from Ford Madox Brown—whom the youth admired tremendously, and always said so in public—neither of them knew that they were starting the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Ford Madox Brown was always called old Brown—or Kind Brown—though he was only twenty-seven, and refused to join the club on the score of extreme age. (Rafaele was only eighteen when he painted the 'Bargello'). He had another pupil in Clipstone Street and, flattered by young Rossetti's appreciation, he took him on, too—rather doubtfully. "We'll see what we can make of him." Brown's manner was peculiar and painstaking; although he had not enough to eat, and time was of importance to him, he would spend hours over a head or a forearm and made a dress before he painted it. For his preferred medieval subjects he cut out tabards and fabricated liripipes, and spent hours sewing little fleur-de-lis in calico on a surcoat for the Black Prince with his own hand. He at once set Gabriel Rossetti down to paint a stack of old dusty, grimy, crusted and verdigrised bottles in a corner of the studio. Gabriel, outraged, made them serve as a foreground for a sort of lazy, leering Lilith. The lessons had not been a success. Gabriel Rossetti left him and the horrible mouse-ridden studio in Clipstone Street after he had taken a couple of lessons, and set up with Hunt in his garret in Cleveland Street. That did not last either. Then the lad found himself a studio in Newman Street, a beastly place, but the best he could get, over what he called a "hop-shop," which implied the noise of dancing and continual coming and going below, so that he could not get a wink of sleep there and went back every night to half a bed with brother William in the little room at the top of the house in Charlotte Street, fragments of whose wallpaper, sadly flapping, hung till lately. . . .

Apart from Brown and Hunt, Rossetti's best friend was in the camp of the Philistines. Walter Deverell was the son of a salaried teacher of the Government Schools of Art, recently established in Somerset House. Mrs. Deverell was kind to her son's friends, but made it her business to find out something about them. The Rossettis were Italian refugees living somewhere about the region of Portland Place, where those sort of people mostly congregated, making their living by teaching, the usual way of those who have escaped from a country by the skin of their teeth. There was a good deal of sympathy for Italians in England just then. The bold attempt at revolution last year, prison stories, Gavazzi's and Mazzini's lectures made the study of Italian fashionable. Mr. Uwins had had one of them in to teach his sister, and Mr. Swinfen Jarvis, M.P., had Mr. Rossetti for his daughter Agnes. Mr. Rossetti, who had made his flight from Italy fourteen years ago, crossing from Naples on an English gunboat, gave lessons at half a guinea an hour. He was a poet as well, and Mrs. Deverell had once heard him improvise at a party at the Turkish Ambassador's. His wife and daughters were governesses, a profession from which Miss Brontë's success had not altogether removed the slur. Mrs. Rossetti was three-parts English blood; her maternal grandmother had been a Pierce. In a word, they were good subjects and quite respectable. Sir Isaac Goldsmid, who was on the Council of University College, where the father lectured, had interested himself in one of the boys, and had talked to Mr. Wood of the Excise about him, and Mr. Wood had given him a job, and she believed he kept the family now, for the father seemed to be going blind. There were two

daughters, both teaching, and innumerable church-going aunts. They all attended Trinity Church, Marylebone, with occasional visits to Christ Church, Albany Street. One of the curates, Mr. Burrows, was a great friend of Miss Maria's, the eldest daughter. She was not so pretty as the younger one, Christina, but she seemed to have more chance of marrying. Charles Collins, the son of the R.A., admired her, as also did Mr. Street, an architect.

They had no access to the Classes except through teaching, but they were, her son informed her, of noble blood and would have been somebody in Italy now if all had gone well, contriving to spread over this family that he so affected an aroma as of lost causes. The old gouty teacher of languages who took snuff and bit his nails to the quick, styled himself "of Vasto," a town in the Abruzzi.

Though Mrs. Rossetti rose at seven and kept no servant, preparing her husband's Italian dishes herself, they saw plenty of company. Counts, Princes, Kings even, together with mild or ferocious revolutionaries, partook of tea and bread and butter, and teased the squirrel and Maria's cat Zoe. The King was Naundorf, who claimed to be Louis XVII, and would be discussing amiably her escape with the Bonapartist Mademoiselle de St. Elme, who had crossed the Beresina with her lover, the Duke of Elchinghen. There was a descendant of the Queen of Cyprus, that Caterina Cornero, who had given Browning a subject for a poem that Gabriel was illustrating.

In the Casa Rossetti there were to be found, naturally more Italians than English, and hardly any French, for Mr. Rossetti hated them. Ida de St. Elme was a Russian, really. There was Doctor Cypriani Potter and Doctor Elliotson, the spiritualist, who called himself the family doctor, but, as he refused to take a fee, was not often called in professionally. Of Italians, there were Paganini and Madame Pasta, and young William's two distinguished godfathers, Michael Costa and General Caracossa. There was Aspa, too, a piano tuner from Broadwood's. Sangiovanni, ex-captain for the suppression of brigands, Sarti, a plaster-cast vendor, Parodi, a dancing master, Rolandi, a bookseller, Faro, a coal dealer and, among out-and-out revolutionaries, Mazzini and Panizzi, holding a post in the British Museum.

Used to mixed society of this kind young Gabriel's manners were good, almost distinguished. He was polite to everyone and good to his mother and sisters. So was Millais. Mrs. Deverell had not heard of Hunt's mother but of his sister Emily, who painted too, and was very good to him. They were all nice lads enough, but she would have rather Walter consorted with Robert Leslie and the young Constables, sons of Academicians. Hunt's father was a warehouseman in the city, and that of Millais, a professional, or semi-professional, flute-player. Frederic Stephens was the son of a workhouse master. Collinson, who was engaged to Gabriel's pretty sister, was the son of a bookseller in the Midlands, and Tom Woolner, of a letter-sorter in a Suffolk post office, while the two Tupperes lived with their father, a printer, in South Lambeth. Jacob Bell, who was rich, got his money out of a chemist shop in Wigmore Street.

Gabriel, who never went to bed till two or three in the morning or got up till he had to, kept Mrs. Deverell's delicate boy up very late. They sat up night after night in this study or the other talking about Keats and Tennyson, or started at half-past twelve for a moonlight walk.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST OMNIBUS BOOK

BY VERNON RENDALL

SOME years since I bought for a few pence a comprehensive volume which has proved very useful. It brings under one cover the novels of Sterne, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Henry Mackenzie, Horace Walpole and Clara Reeves. It was published by Hurst, Robinson & Co., the house whose failure led to the crash of Scott, and printed by James Ballantyne and Company, at the Border Press, Edinburgh, 1823. It includes at the beginning memoirs of the authors, unsigned except that the last of them bears the address, "Abbotsford, March 1, 1823." It was, in fact, Vol. V of 'Ballantyne's Novelists' Library,' and the memoirs were reprinted by the ingenious Mr. Galignani, of Paris, and afterwards added to Scott's prose works.

The Library, which appeared from January 1821 to April 1825, began with Smollett and Le Sage and ended with Mrs. Radcliffe in the tenth volume. It was a pet scheme of Ballantyne's, which had no great success, partly, perhaps, because the books were heavy in hand, partly because Ballantyne was a pioneer ahead of his time. He asked, too, £14 for the set, which is a lot for a Scot to find. Vol. V at any rate, with over 650 pages of text and 87 pages of preface, is a fair anticipation of the modern "Omnibus" book, and a good collection for the student of letters. It is printed in double columns, but more accurate in text than the Dublin editions, and is the sort of book that one can use freely for rough work, such as writing notes on Sterne. Not many of us are able or desirous to emulate the late S. R. Crockett in acquiring a First Folio of Shakespeare and underlining in red ink the passages that please us.

'Tristram Shandy,' 'The Sentimental Journey,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield' (an improbable story which appears wittier and pleasanter every time one reads it), and 'Rasselas,' are still secure in the public regard, if there can be said to be a "public" to-day for any books except the stories of which Mr. Edgar Wallace is the most persistent purveyor. Johnson's reputation has so far advanced of late years that his ponderous prose is no longer considered an insuperable bar to his wisdom. Indeed, a critic like Raleigh does not hesitate to call 'Rasselas' an "admirably wrought narrative by a master of style." It is remarkable that the tale was translated into several European languages, a tribute that French lovers of English still have to pay to the Life by Boswell.

After the three classic writers the rest of the volume is, I fear, dead matter, and a modern publisher might substitute for the three obsolete authors 'The Spiritual Quixote' of Graves, 'Vathek,' though some of its descriptions are decidedly tedious, and the 'Caleb Williams,' of Godwin. Mrs. Shelley's 'Frankenstein' might be thrown in, too, as it is short.

Walpole's contribution, 'The Castle of Otranto,' owes any liveliness it possesses to-day to its position as a pioneer work in historical romance. But survival as a literary landmark does not make a book readable. Walpole makes no effort at what the moderns call "atmosphere"; he is in no sense a plausible introducer of the supernatural, in which, as Scott notes, his efforts are "both clumsy and puerile." Clara Reeve, with her tale of an heir stolen away and restored to his family property and castle, is an avowed follower of Walpole and dull beyond words. She had no powers of imagination, and her alternative title was 'The Champion of Virtue.' In her memoir, as in that of Walpole, Scott makes some pertinent remarks on the supernatural, of which he proved himself a master in 'Wandering Willie's Tale.'

Henry Mackenzie was called by Scott "The

Northern Addison." Born in 1745, he was still alive as a venerable figure and a writer credited with "universal and permanent popularity," when the memoir of him was written, and he survived till 1831, so that this year is his centenary. A follower in his fiction of Sterne, he lacked all the grace and lightness of his manner. He exhibits the excesses to which the eighteenth-century fashion of sentimentalism could lead good intentions. His 'Man of Feeling,' and 'Man of the World,' are bathed, even drenched, in tears. The whole company of his characters is apt to burst into "beamy moisture" on the slightest provocation. The jailor and his assistant, who might be thought hardened to their vocation, are not exempt from weeping when a young man with a bright past is incarcerated. The "Man of Feeling" had an attachment to a lady which came to nothing, because his "extreme sensibility" made him remarkably silent in her presence.

A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him, like the cestus of Cytherea, unequalled in conferring beauty.

Miss Walton admired him and had all these qualifications. He was busy, however, playing special providence to the world in general and reiterating remarks on virtue; so all he could do was to leave on the handle of a tea-kettle 'Lavinia,' a pastoral in the course of which he explains that he could not write, though he "spoke what the shepherd opine," to the extent of 25 stanzas. He cherishes in his gloom the horrors of night and can no longer discover standing by the stream that

There was mirth in the gurgling soft sound.

Finally, he sees himself in the pale lover's "new-cover'd grave," and adds:

When shall I in its peaceable womb
Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should Lavinia chance on my tomb,
I could die if I thought she would weep.

It takes an advanced sentimentalist to be dead and then wish to die again for a lady's tears. One recalls Mr. Mantalini, threatening to drown himself in the Thames with an overload of halfpence, and put a note in the post on the way to tell where the body was.

Mackenzie's third contribution, 'Julia de Roubigné,' should be an impressive tragedy, but it is composed entirely in letters, which are chosen as best suited to reveal the relentless overflow of sentiment. Julia was induced by feelings of gratitude to wed a Spanish gentleman, who declared that "the music of Julia's tongue gives the throb of virtue to my heart," though he was not, as one might suppose from the sentiment, a reformed rake. She was married, as the servant-girl writes—her mistress being far too overcome to ply the pen—"in a white muslin night-gown, with striped laylock and white ribbands." The dress indicates the tragic heroine with a hint of night. Alas! her heart was another's and she cherished "something predictive in my mind that tells me I shall not long be thus." Her husband poisoned her through jealousy, and killed himself with laudanum in his subsequent delirium. "Such was the conclusion of a life distinguished by the exercise of every manly virtue."

This false prolongation of sentiment has gone on destroying the true values of life ever since, but is seldom recognized. Leslie Stephen applied his dry light to the subject some years ago. Why does not some modern pen take it up? Sentimentalism, a potent vice posing as a virtue, is made for dissection by the iconoclasts of to-day, and much more important than the second-rate writers now chosen for new biographies.

ANY BANK HOLIDAY

BY PETER TRAILL

A GREAT many people go to a great many places on Bank Holiday, and what the journalists call "the exodus to the sea" is probably the most popular form of this craving to go anywhere, as long as it is away from home. I myself, being in a position to disappear from home when other people are not so fortunate, prefer to remain where I am, and the result of such a stationary holiday was a novel aspect of my club.

This particular club is more heterogeneous than most, and the groups and coteries with which it is honeycombed, induce on most days of the year a great amount of variety and a certain degree of unpleasantness. That, indeed, is as it should be, for if everyone were nice to everybody else, the lack of animation which would result would cause a run upon the asylums where subjects would display an appalling wildness.

For fellow spirits the club has actors, peers, stock-brokers, authors, company promoters, motor mechanics, knights, polo players, card players, rich men, poor men, idlers, lunatics, and, above all, boors—to mention only well-known types; and this conglomeration make use of the smoking-room regularly, dividing themselves into groups, and now and again joining together to breathe some new scandal about some old member. On Bank Holiday, however, all had a common desire—a wish to get away from their particular corner—and they all fled. When I entered the smoking-room there was no one.

Every paper was at my disposal and I did not have to wait until the rest had read all the current remarks about themselves, and had told me how provoking a thing publicity was. I could, and did, choose my favourite sofa, and for the first time had the opportunity, of which I promptly availed myself, of stretching my legs to their fullest extent. I pressed the bell and was served in the twinkling of an eye with the drink which I had ordered. There were matches to my hand and the smoke of my own cigarette was the only smoke which curled majestically up to the high ceiling. I was master of the place and I understood what must be the feeling of those Oriental potentates who clap their hands and then beat the first person who appears.

Did I want to play cards? The large card-room was at my disposal. Did I want to eat? The menu was for me; the whole of the cold table, the special lunch,

the à la carte were all for my special delight. Did I want to drink? The cellars were there for my bibulousness. Did I want to play squash? Two courts were at my disposal. Did I want to swim? The bath lay beneath me and the water awaited me and me only. Did I want to hurl dumb-bells about or bang punch balls? They were there ready for me to hurl or bang.

Greatly as all this satisfied me, I was not wholly pleased—such is the dissatisfaction of man with his own condition—until the reflection came to me that none of these amenities would greet my fellow members at the places whither they had gone. There they might command, but they would wait a long time before anyone paid them any attention. There would be no empty road for them, merely at the end of the journey a side of the sea full of people like themselves. If they wish to laze about and do nothing, they would have to scramble for a little sand; if they wanted exercise, they would be jostled, women would be everywhere, insisting on being fed, or amused, or left alone, and other people's children would annoy them, even if they had had the sense to give their own away for the week-end.

As I thought of their plight I smiled to myself, and out of desire to prove my good fortune more fully to myself, I pressed the bell again. Three servants appeared and I chose the last from whom to order my lunch.

My lunch over, another mood took possession of me. I had noticed that when people have everything in this world which they could possibly desire, they ended by doing nothing at all. They were surfeited by their own omnipotence. They just lay about and yawned. I considered having a swim, playing squash, inviting people into bridge, if I could find any to invite, and a hundred and one other things which my position gave me the power to do; then I lay about and yawned. Yawned and yawned and in the end I slept; though even in my sleep I was exercising my dominion because there was no one to send a waiter along to me with a message containing their compliments, and then a lot of complimentary remarks. I snored supreme, and for once in my life I had done exactly what I wanted to do, which incidentally is my idea of a holiday, Bank or otherwise.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

BY ELIZABETH SPRIGGE

VIOLA drew a deep breath and gazed at herself in the mirror. How wonderful it was to remember the things he had said about that very face! And to think that she had nearly refused to go to the party when she found that Michael and Louise could not take her. She had been terrified at going alone. Even her new dress had not given her confidence. After all, it was only about the third really grown-up party she had been to in her life. And then to have captured him!

Her heart throbbed with pride and excitement as she recalled the events of the evening—the dazzle of lights, the noise and confusion of moving figures, her hostess taking her hand and saying how sorry she was about Louise and Michael, and how nice it was of her to have come alone. . . . Did she know Mr. Maxwell? A dance with him, not quite easy to follow—she had to be careful of her long yellow

skirt—then more introductions, more dances, a cigarette, a drink . . . and all the time the growing consciousness of a pair of dark eyes watching her from a corner. Every time she reached the end of the great room in the arms of a partner she felt those eyes appraising her, looking sometimes at her hair, sometimes at her feet, her hands, her waist. . . . When she met the eyes with her own they did not waver, and the ghost of a smile hovered on the charming mouth beneath them. When she went into the dining-room he followed her, and while she stood with a group of people, chattering and laughing, he leant against a wall, his dark, smooth head thrown back, his lips slightly parted, his eyes watching her from beneath heavy lids. She could not resist throwing occasional glances at him over her shoulder—her bare shoulder rising from its demure little early Victorian fichu—and suddenly she felt that

his face was familiar. As soon as possible she asked a partner who he was.

"Oh, that's Paul Faraday," came the answer. "You know the. . ."

Yes, she knew. Why, only that day she had been reading about him in a magazine while she was waiting to have her hair curled. It had said he was one of the most talented young men in London, who wrote, acted, sang, painted scenery, designed dresses, and did goodness knows what else. That was why he looked familiar. There had been a photograph of him in almost the same pose as that in which she had seen him just now—leaning back with one hand up against a white-panelled wall.

Then he had come up and she had heard a low, beautiful voice say: "Well, Dennis, aren't you going to introduce me to your charming partner?"

A moment later they were alone.

How they had danced! She could feel now the gentle pressure of his arm about her waist, the touch of his fingers enclosing hers as he deftly guided her over the floor. And then they had talked—or, rather, he had. He had told her the most marvellous things about plays and people and pictures and—not least interesting—about herself.

It was obvious that he had simply—quite simply—fallen in love with her as it happens in books and as she had not dared to hope it could happen in life. He who knew everyone and was known by all had fallen for her—the embodiment of youth and purity, he said. It seemed to her as they walked through the rooms together that everyone was smiling at her in congratulation.

To-morrow she was to ring him up and go to his studio. He would show her all his treasures, he would make love to her. . . Days would pass, she would be engaged. . . she would be married. . . a lovely medieval dress with pearls. . . Mrs. Paul Faraday.

Worn out with excitement, Viola at last went to bed and let her thoughts fade into dreams, but when she awoke the next morning her head was as full of them as ever. She sprang up, dressed and ran downstairs. Her sister-in-law was at her writing-table.

"Well, dear," she said as Viola kissed her, "did you enjoy yourself? Yes, I see you did. Ring for your breakfast and just let me finish this letter. Then you must tell me all about it."

Viola rang, then opened the newspaper at the page of social events. Yes, there was a paragraph about the party, and there was his name, Paul Faraday, among the guests. She gazed at it fascinated.

Just then her brother came in.

"Hullo," he said to Viola, "have a good time? There's another treat in store for you to-day. A most charming fellow is coming to lunch. We shall hear all the gossip of Europe. He'll pay you the most outrageous compliments, too. It's a habit of his. He can't for the life of him resist fair young virgins. He'll probably try to lure you to his studio as he has so many girls we know. There's no real harm in it. They invariably find the studio guarded by his old harridan of a wife to whom I believe he's devoted. But it must make the girl feel a bit of a fool!"

"I presume," said Louise without looking up, "that you are talking about Paul Faraday."

THE LAST OF THE SHELL-BACKS

By F. H. STELL

FROM the dock gate to the "shipping office" was but a matter of a hundred yards, and in that small area were crowded scores of sailors and firemen of every nationality, colour, creed and race, waiting to belay any chief officer or unwary engineer on their way to the office to engage a crew.

It was a cold, wet and clammy October morning, and winter was already showing signs of an early approach, and those among the waiting crowd who were fortunate to possess overcoats had them tightly buttoned in a vain attempt to keep out the penetrating drizzle. The office opened at 9 a.m., and as it was approaching this hour the crowd surged around the gates, and as each man came out who had any appearance of a ship's officer he was instantly besieged and discharged books thrust into his face.

One figure stood out among the crowd; he was an emaciated wreck of what had once been a tall and powerful man, burnt a nut-brown by tropical suns and seas, but now, alas, a woeful picture, thinly clad, old, and worn, and evidently suffering from the pangs of hunger. He had been waiting there since daybreak, but as the crowd increased he was gradually pushed further and further to the rear, having now no longer the strength to force himself to the front. This had not always been the case. John Armstrong had never the need to fight for an opportunity in the days gone by; he had only to stand in the vicinity of a shipping office to be asked if he wanted a job. He had been all his life in sailing ships, the last ten years being spent on the Australian coast in a small barque trading to the Islands, but owing to the poor freights and small coasting steamers entering into competition, the owner had finally decided to quit a losing struggle, and had sold his barque to the ship-breakers to be broken up, and Armstrong had to look for another

ship. Like all sailors "who live for to-day and never worry about to-morrow," he was practically penniless, but as he was getting to his last penny he was fortunate in obtaining a berth as A.B. on a Finnish sailing ship, bound for Liverpool with a cargo of grain. Somehow or other he had managed to survive the hardships of the run home, but the strain had told, and now he was only a wreck of the man he once had been.

When he did obtain a chance of handing his "book" to a mate in want of a crew, even with all his wonderful discharges, one look at his face finished it, and more than one brutal mate in strong and forcible language pointed out that their ship was not a Home for Ancient Mariners.

Gradually his small stock of money had dwindled and dwindled, and now he was practically destitute, his clothes, etc., had gone one by one in order to provide food, and if he did not get a berth soon there was nothing left but to die of starvation.

By noon the rush had finished and the crowd dispersed; those who had been lucky in getting a ship, or those who still had money left, adjourned to the near-by pub, and finally the street was almost deserted. Armstrong still hung around—one never knew what would happen.

Slowly he walked about, turning the few miserable pence he had left in his pocket; then, as if struck by some wonderful idea, he made his way to a cheap dock-side hairdresser's shop. Entering, he asked the barber if he sold hair-dye, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative promptly struck a bargain with the man to dye his scanty locks and eyebrows black. He seemed to have a presentiment that this would be his lucky day.

The dye certainly seemed to have worked wonders and to have taken ten years off his age, so back he wandered to the dock gates in the hopes of

obtaining a "pier-head jump" (ships by law are bound to carry a specified number of sailors, and sometimes at the last moment one fails to keep his agreement, and another has to be obtained, usually just as the ship is leaving; this is known as "a pier-head jump"). Slowly the day passed, and he still waited; dusk was beginning to dim the streets and it was nearly high water, and sounds of whistles and sirens reverberated through the air as the outward-bounders proceeded to the locks in order to warp out and proceed on their voyages.

Suddenly a harassed figure dashed out of the dock gate, sighted Armstrong and rushed over to him. "Got a book?" he exclaimed. "Yes," thrusting it into his waiting hand. He gave but a perfunctory glance at it and the waiting figure kindly hid by the darkening gloom. "All right, sign on right away. Wages eight-pounds-ten a month, voyage to Montreal and back. S.S. *Welsh Pride*, lying in the lock. Take this note to the shipping master, telling him to sign you on. Give you half an hour to collect your gear—join in the lock. I'm the mate. Can do. I'm in a hurry."

"All right," snapped Armstrong, and darted to the shipping office before he would change his mind or get a proper look at him.

He presented his note to the shipping clerk, who eyed him up and down. Asked his name and age, Armstrong gave it as fifty-five, and the clerk put it down with his tongue in his cheek. Still, it was nothing to do with him; the note said to sign him on and that relieved the shipping clerk of all responsibility.

Armstrong soon signed his name to the Article, and with his last remaining money bought a few necessities, and in less than half an hour was on board the *Welsh Pride*.

She was lying in the lock, a typical South Wales tramp, loaded down to the scuppers with coal, of about 5,000 tons, owned by two Cardiff Jews, whose one idea was to run her as cheaply as they could. Squat and ugly she looked, covered in coal dust and grime, hatch wide open, piled up with coal fresh from the tips. Derricks up and nothing ready for sea.

She carried but two mates and seven A.B.s (all foreigners, the A.B.s)—a mixture of Greek and Spanish, useless in bad weather or in a crisis, but hard workers in port. In the stokehole she carried Arabs, and altogether she was a lovely specimen of the mercantile marine.

Finally, after a lot of cursing and swearing on the part of the dock master, she locked out. Derricks were secured, hatches battened down, and the ordinary routine of the sea was soon in force, watches being picked, and those off watch being sent below. There were three men in a watch, which meant that each would get two hours at the wheel, one hour's stand-by, and one hour on the look-out at night, while during the day it would leave two of them free to work about the decks, the seventh man being on day work from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., the others keeping the ordinary four hours on and four hours off. By the next morning she was well clear of the land and was ploughing through a light westerly swell, at about five knots per hour, pushing her nose into it and shipping water over her foredeck.

It was Armstrong's trick at the wheel at eight, and slowly he made his way along the deck to the bridge. The night had made a vast difference in his appearance, most of the dye had faded, and a woebegone wreck he looked as he took over the wheel from his relief. The strenuous work during the night had sapped his remaining vitality and he looked what he was—an exhausted old man. However, he tried to smarten himself up as the mate passed; it was really the first time the mate had

seen him properly, but now, in the cruel, hard daylight, every physical defect showed up. "My God," he exclaimed. "When did you come aboard. I must have been drunk when I signed you on. When did you first start going to sea—with Noah?"

Armstrong was getting weaker and weaker all the time, and it was taking him all his time to turn the spokes of the wheel or even to keep upright, and at last, with a gasp, he completely faded out and dropped on the grating. The mate blew his whistle, and one of the Greeks came running up. "Take the wheel," he ordered, "and as soon as Old Noah comes to, tell him to get forward and to go on day work; the other man can go on watch."

Armstrong came to, and on being told, accompanied by a few bitter curses from the Greek, slowly wended his way forward, there to be met by more jeers from the remainder of the men, who had already seen what had happened.

After this he got no peace. All the menial tasks of the fo'c'sle were allotted to him; he had to serve as "peggy" to both watches, that is, to fetch all the food from the galley, wash out the pans, and take them back; but what made it worse, the remainder of the men would not allow him to sit at the same table, but he had to take his food into a corner and eat it there, only after the others had finished, and by the time they had done so there was precious little left.

Day succeeded day. He gradually became weaker and weaker as he potted round the deck doing the few odd jobs allotted him by the mate, who had a soft spot in his heart for him, and the *Welsh Pride* butted and pushed her way westward into the ever-increasing swell. Gradually the glass fell and the wind increased, and on the sixth day out there was every indication of the approach of a westerly gale.

The sun sank with a nasty glow in a dense bunch of clouds, shooting red, angry streamers across the sky, and the waves increased in size with an angry mutter in their roll; the ship pitched and strained, covering her whole foredeck with water. At eight p.m. the "watch on deck" could only just manage to struggle to the bridge at the cost of a wetting, and the watch below preferred to stand in the shelter of the bridge house than to take the chance of being washed around the decks by the mighty seas breaking across her decks.

Gone now was the bravado and loud talk of the fo'c'sle. Armstrong, still in a daze as though semi-conscious, struggled up to the bridge and stayed by the man at the wheel, shivering in the cold and wet. Sprays were breaking right over, and the *Welsh Pride* was just like a "half-tide" rock.

Throughout the night the wind and seas increased, and by midnight it was blowing a whole gale. She was lying head to it, and the seas were crashing over the deck threatening to engulf her at any moment. All hands had gathered in the shelter of the bridge house, with no thoughts of sleep. The captain and his two mates were on the bridge, and it was taking them all their time to nurse the ship through the heavy seas, when, suddenly, with a mighty lurch, she fell off to the seas and they came pounding over amidships. The connecting-rod from the steam steering-gear to the wheel had been washed away. One mighty sea came with a terrific surge, and, burying her deeply in a seething mass, threatened to engulf her, but with a mighty wrench she recovered. But at what a cost: half her funnel had gone and all the boats on the port side had been swept away.

The captain managed to crawl to the mate's side and shrieked in his ear to connect up the hand steering-gear. The mate slid more than climbed down the bridge lee ladder, followed by Armstrong, who, at this critical moment, seemed to be recovering from his daze; into the shivering crowd they pitched,

who were on their hands and knees calling on all their saints to protect them. Kicking and cuffing they chased them to the end of the bridge-deck, but with all their threats none would venture across the raging inferno of the well-deck to the poop. High seas were washing across it, the derricks had been washed adrift, and they were careering up and down, waiting to smash anyone who tried to cross. The mate and Armstrong dashed on to the well-deck followed by one A.B., who had mustered up sufficient courage to follow them.

After a terrific struggle they managed to make the poop, and with great difficulty connected up the hand steering-gear. Armstrong took the weather side, the A.B. the lee, and the mate assisted, but she gave another mighty lurch and pitched the mate across the deck, breaking his arm like a carrot, besides rendering him unconscious.

The struggle seemed to have a strange effect on Armstrong. His cap had long since gone; coat he had not. There he stood, clutching the huge steering-wheel in a grasp of steel, his tattered shirt wide open in front, showing his massive chest, and his grey hair streaming in the wind.

Mouthing strange curses and praying to unknown gods for some of his departed strength, he stood and strove with all his might to move the massive wheel, and, as though his prayers were answered, slowly he got it down. His figure seemed to swell as though endowed with new life, and assumed the massive proportions of bygone days. And as he stood there bareheaded, facing the howling gale, his chest exposed and scanty locks fluttering in the wind, his face like a carving of a one-time Viking, it seemed as though the gods of ancient days had answered his prayers, and his bygone Viking ancestors had entered his body in his hour of need. Slowly the *Welsh Pride* answered her helm, and, point by point, she came up to the wind, the engines barely turning, just enough to keep her going. The wind howled and shrieked as though all the fiends of hell were let loose, and the seas broke over her, each one trying to outdo the other. But Armstrong hung on, the muscles of his arms standing out like iron bars. There she lay wallowing and kicking like a steer in its death-pangs, time out of time completely submerged. No one could get across the raging inferno of the after-deck to assist them, and through the long, long night Armstrong and the Greek strove with might and main to keep her head to wind. The captain on the bridge could do nothing but to increase or decrease the speed of the engines in order to keep a little steerage way on her; if he increased it too much, she was liable to force her way into the towering waves and batter herself to pieces or rise on the top of one and shake off her propeller.

Slowly the night wore on, and dawn was just breaking when a terrific wave caught her on the bow. The force of the sea jerked the wheel from Armstrong's grip. The poor Greek on the lee-side tried to stop it from spinning round, but it picked him up like a toy doll and dashed him on the deck, scattering his brains all over the spokes. The ship fell off and off, and soon once more she lay and wallowed in the trough, sea after sea breaking over her, each moment threatening to be her last.

Armstrong took his chance when the wheel had stopped spinning, and with feet and hands, exerting all his mighty new-born strength, got the helm down. Slowly, inch by inch, she fought her way back, each succeeding sea trying hard to force her under, when, away in the light of the new-born day, was seen the father of all waves. Would she be up in time; if that one caught her all hope would be given up. Like grim death Armstrong hung on. Slowly she came up into the wind and sea, and with a mighty roar the sea was on her, swept clean over her. Boats and derricks and all movable objects

were swept by the board, but slowly, like a tired and worn-out man, the *Welsh Pride*, shivering and shaking in every rivet, came out of that living death, and as though exhausted and completely foiled, the wind gave one last departing shriek and lulled away. The seas, as though deprived of their victim, gradually decreased, and soon the engineers were able to get to the steering rods and connect them up, and the steam steering engine was clanking away on the bridge. An A.B. had taken it over and all the danger was past. The captain and the remainder of the crew picked their way through the debris of the after-deck and climbed on to the poop. Both ladders had gone, and there stood Armstrong, still holding the spokes in his mighty grasp, erect as a ramrod, at his feet the still unconscious mate and the body of the Greek. Dead, but still magnificent in his death. Tenderly they tried to remove his hands from the spokes, but his grip still held, so the captain gave orders to saw off the spokes and leave them in his grasp, a fitting passport to the "sailors' heaven" to which he had gone, there to join the bygone heroes of the sea. The last of the shell-backs—just a tragedy of the sea. Reverently they carried his body to the hatch and covered it with an ensign. Work had to be done; the mate, recovering consciousness, with his arm in splints and his head bound up, was soon busy with the remainder of the crew in trying to make things shipshape and repairing the worst of the damage caused by the raging seas. All thoughts of the past twenty-four hours were forgotten.

By noon everything was once more in order, a battered wreck she looked, minus funnel, boats and other odds and ends, but still able to proceed.

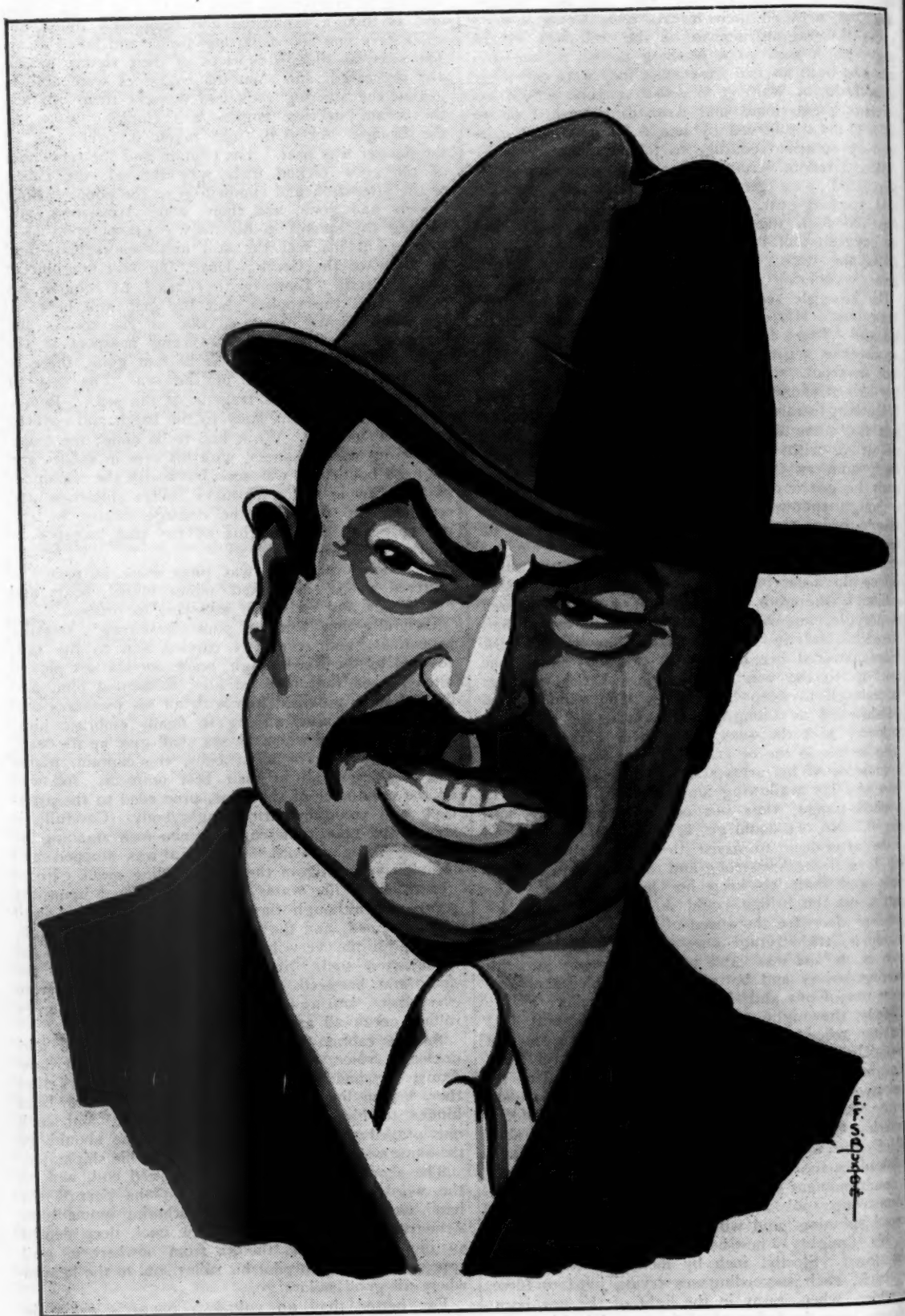
Carefully they wrapped poor Armstrong's remains in canvas, and reverently carried him to the rail, covered by the Red Ensign, ready for his last plunge into the sea that had fed him, tormented him, and ill-used him, provided him with all his pleasures and all his pains, now waiting to finally embrace him, until the last day when the sea shall give up its dead.

On the stroke of eight bells, the captain, mates and engineers, all in their best uniforms, followed by the remainder of the crew, proceeded to the after-deck and stood by Armstrong's body. Carefully it was raised upon a hatch, with two men standing by waiting for the word. The ship was stopped and lay slowly rocking in the fast receding swell. Fitful gleams from the watery sun shone down upon the scene, for although the gale had passed, the swell still remained, and the sky was still cloudy and dull, as though the very heavens were in mourning for a departed soul. Not a thing in sight, just the dirty and battered old *Welsh Pride* cut off from everywhere, and as far as the eye could see, the grey rolling ocean all around her.

As the captain read the service in his gruff and unsteady voice, each man there thought of how Armstrong had given his poor remaining days that they might live, and wished that they had been kinder to him and made things easier, and each one prayed that when his time came he should go the same way, praised and honoured by his shipmates.

The short service drew to its allotted end, and on the words "commit this body to the deep," the hatch was lifted, and, gradually gathering momentum, Armstrong's remains slid into the cool, deep depths awaiting him, and as though from nowhere a gull appeared, waiting to pilot his sailor soul to the heaven where all good sailors go.

Far better than an unknown pauper's grave in some cold seaport town, unmourned, unknown, unwanted. In every dock-side tavern throughout the world his fame would travel. Men would talk of it in their cups, and so it would spread and spread throughout the sailors' world, until eventually it would become a legend.



THE FRENCH PREMIER

THE THEATRE

BOOKS OF THE PLAY

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

ALMOST every week I receive at least one printed play from one or other of the many publishers who nowadays make a practice of including Dramas—acted and unacted and unactable—among their publications. With regard to the great majority, a review is either unnecessary because the play has been discussed quite recently as a theatrical production, or better left unwritten lest the author be thereby flattered into perseverance at an obviously fruitless task. For it is a fact, illustrative of the innate vanity of writers, that any review, even the most damnatory, is more encouraging than none at all.

Among the successful plays now obtainable in printed form are Maugham's 'The Breadwinner' (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.), Harwood's 'The Man in Possession,' Harwood and Gore-Browne's 'Cynara,' and Aimee and Philip Stuart's 'Supply and Demand' (all at 3s. 6d. in Benn's 'Contemporary British Dramatists'); the three most recent plays of Mr. Galsworthy ('Escape,' 'Exiled,' and 'The Roof') in a 7s. volume published by Duckworth; 'Michael and Mary,' by A. A. Milne (Chatto and Windus, 5s.), and George Preedy's 'Captain Banner' (Lane, 3s. 6d.). Heinemann has also published at 3s. 6d. 'How To Be Healthy Though Married,' which was done last year by the Repertory Players, and from Putnam's at the same price comes Malcolm Muggeridge's play 'Three Flats,' given this year by the 300 Club.

To turn to the "unacted," there are two new plays by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes in Benn's 'Contemporary British Dramatists.' Neither is a wholly satisfactory performance. They are written as commercial plays; but like many professional novelists, Mrs. Lowndes writes amateurish drama. 'The Key' is a murder story. Ruby Ashcott is the beautiful young wife of a rich, elderly and very jealous husband, who "has made his money in Shanghai." The author insists that the actress who plays Ruby "must be dark," because "her grandmother was a Chinese beauty." Now, had Mrs. Lowndes not been a novelist, she would never have bothered the audience with these exotic details—which are wholly superfluous to the story, yet are brought to the attention in such a way as to suggest that they are causative of what is coming. Act I, in fact, consists very largely of irrelevant conversation which is neither dramatically necessary nor intrinsically entertaining. It is, however, clear that Mrs. Ashcott is about to have a clandestine love affair with an amorist named Thwing. In the second Act (some ten months later), she has a key to his chambers in the Temple, and is now so deeply in love with him as to warn him twice that "if ever you leave off loving me, I'll kill myself." Actually, however, she kills another lady whom she finds one evening in his rooms, strangling her with a rope in a fit of (Chinese?) jealousy. Thwing is suspected of the murder, principally because he shields her by insisting that no one except himself had a key to his rooms. Mrs. Ashcott throws away her key; it is found in an Embankment tram; and Scotland Yard decides that the murder was committed by a burglar who had stolen it.

This story might be good enough if it were worse; that is, if the author had been less concerned with making us believe it. Unfortunately, it is neither first-rate realism nor first-rate melodrama; it rings very obviously false, yet it is evidently intended to

ring true. The characters and dialogue are much too stagey and inhuman to be interesting, yet much too nearly normal to be entertaining. The result is something that is merely "a play"; and judged as a play, 'The Key' is insufficiently exciting.

'With All John's Love' is much more interesting. Its fatal weakness as a piece of theatrical entertainment is that it fails to stay the course. Mr. Eascott ("a wealthy business man aged sixty-six, but looks younger") returns from a rejuvenating week in Paris with a pretty—and, as he thinks, virtuous—young milliner named Emmy Chart, with whom he is so infatuated that he actually proposes to marry her. Emmy, however, has a jealous "boy-friend"; who, discovering her infidelity, murders her. That is the first act, which is swift, vivid and convincing. In the second and third acts, we are in the Eascott home at Putney. Mr. Eascott tells his wife (who is drawn too sympathetically to be either interesting or convincing) that he wants her to divorce him, and leaves her to arrange the matter with the family solicitor, who is one of those characteristic fragments of Victorian imagination, the man who has remained a life-long bachelor because the only woman he ever loved was married to someone else. (Need I add that she is Mrs. Eascott?) A detective arrives to say that letters have been found at Emmy's flat, indicating Mr. Eascott as the cause of the tragedy; his evidence will be required, not only at the inquest, but later at the murder trial. The detective gone, the solicitor sends for Mr. Eascott, and there is an interesting, but insufficiently dramatic, scene in which that unfortunate gentleman is disillusioned with regard to his inamorata. The real interest, however, of the situation is the impending scandal; and this is evaded by the suicide of Emmy's murderer, and the solicitor's assurance (surely a trifle optimistic?) that he will now be able to keep Mr. Eascott's name out of the case. A very tame ending.

How close Mr. Graham Rawson, in his latest play called 'Rudolph' (Lane, 2s. 6d.), keeps to the facts of history, is a question I neither can nor need answer in considering its merits as a drama. The scene is Vienna 1889, and the play is stuffed with expositions of the political and international situation. Unfortunately, these are too obviously incomplete and biased to be interesting, yet too long and earnest to be entertaining. The truth is, 'Rudolph' falls between two stools. As dramatized history, it is superficial; as historical drama, it is overweighted with superfluous detail. The romantic element is commonplace, uncharacterized, inhuman even; and the Baroness Mary Vetsera must surely be the dullest heroine who ever swayed a heart. There is, however, one scene which would almost certainly be highly effective in production, a scene of restrained conflict between the democratic, rebel-hearted Crown Prince Rudolph and his autocratic father, the Emperor Franz Joseph.

Among the unactable (and, except by a conscientious critic, unreadable) plays that have reached me lately, are two from the Houghton Publishing Press. 'The Man Who Came Back' is a metaphysical melodrama, that alternates between profoundly platitudinous moralizing and transcendently incomprehensible theosophy. Oddly enough, some of the introductory dialogue is extremely lively and amusing. 'The House of Admetus' is an ethical problem-play, which endeavours (vainly, so far as I personally am concerned) to maintain that those rules of social, or so-called "decent," conduct which are right and necessary for other people, are inapplicable to poets. For a shilling you can purchase 'Iphigenia: A Tragedy,' by Alice Law' (The Old Parsonage Press), but I don't advise you to, unless your sense of humour is thoroughly irreverent; I suspect the author of this blankety-blank-verse tragedy is really "Beachcomber."

THE FILMS

PARAMOUNT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS

BY MARK FORREST

These Charming People. Directed by Louis Mercanton. The Plaza.

The Finger Points. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The Regal.

THE first picture to be made by the British arm of the Paramount film company at Elstree is, taken by and large, a highly successful affair. Up till now, in order to fulfil the requirements of the quota, the Paramount company has been buying the best British pictures which they could get; now they have set the ball rolling for themselves and the production has all those marks of efficiency which characterize the work of this unit in America. Mr. Michael Arlen's play, 'These Charming People,' the plot of which is by no means new, though the treatment is refreshing, has been turned into a delightful screen entertainment, which proves to those who think that nothing good can come out of Elstree that "the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings."

If an American company can produce at Elstree a talking picture as satisfactory as this one at their first attempt, there is no reason why we should not be able to do so after two years of trying. The Americans have undoubtedly spent a great deal more money on 'These Charming People' than British companies are wont to do on a film, but it is better to spend once and spend well than to fritter smaller sums away upon a number of pictures which bear evidence to ill-advised parsimony at every turn. All the details of this film are carefully contrived, and Mr. Louis Mercanton, who directs it, has assembled the whole skilfully, though the characterization is somewhat muddled.

There is no sign here of slipshod production, or of slipshod cutting, and the cast has been just as prudently selected. Cyril Maude heads it, and if he played the part of the impecunious colonel with less exaggeration, his performance would be more noteworthy. Godfrey Tearle, making his first screen appearance, acts the big business man very soundly, and Nora Swinburne and Ann Todd, as the colonel's unruly daughters, are both excellent. The smaller parts, two of which are in the capable hands of C. V. France and Anthony Ireland, are all well acted, but the talent employed is a little out of proportion with the results to be achieved. Finely photographed, this production should set a new standard in this country, and I hope it will not be left only to the Paramount company to rival it.

'The Finger Points,' which has replaced 'Fascination' at the Regal, is the best of the other talking pictures this week whose life in London will be short. In the same way as Mr. Brown's direction of the recent film, 'Quick Millions,' was refreshing, so Mr. Dillon's work serves to rouse the flickering interest once more in a story of gangsters. That such a theme should have any life in it after the wholesale exploitation which it has received, is due to the minds of these directors. 'The Finger Points' is, perhaps, the most sordid of all the many pictures of its kind, and the corrupt state of America is once more unblushingly exposed. It is time, I think, that the Senate started bribing scenario writers to write other plots and "bumping them off if they double-crossed them"; that seems to be the only way of arriving at a "modus vivendi" in America. 'The Finger Points' is a swiftly moving melodrama, but Richard Barthelmess, as the crime reporter who runs with the hares and hunts with the hounds, is not well cast and his slowness of diction and expression upsets the pace of the picture time and time again.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE BOOK SOCIETY

SIR,—Mr. Beverley Nichols, in the course of some flat-footed jocosities about the Book Society printed in the SATURDAY REVIEW for July 18, implies that I am a member of the selection committee of that organization. As this is not a fact, and as I consider the suggestion offensive, I shall be glad if you will allow me to correct Mr. Nichols's foolish error.

I am, etc.,

Surrey

FRANK SWINNERTON

SIR,—Surely Mr. Beverley Nichols was unjust to the Book Society's choice of a book fifty years old for its Book of the Month. Is age then so great a handicap?

I, personally, hope that they will learn of the existence of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in time for their August selection, and that before September comes round, Mr. Hugh Walpole will have continued their researches, and have discovered what good reading there is in an old volume of Hansard, what instruction lurks in back numbers of Whitaker's Almanack, and what excitement in out-of-date Bradshaws.

I am, etc.,

OUT-OF-DATE

A CENSUS PUZZLE

SIR,—From what contemporary records does "A Mere Scot" put the Scots at Bannockburn as one tenth of the English? A detailed enquiry in *Notes and Queries*, August 24, 1929, puts the latter, at Berwick, at 7,000 men: and this further much reduced, in the field, by casualties on march, deserters, camp guards and other duties. And the Scots, being in the heart of their country, at greater strength.

The Scotch historian Hume says (Neville's Cross, A.D. 1342), "The Scots, though they have commonly declined engagements where the superiority in numbers was not on their side, have often been unfortunate in battles" with the English. See Dunbar, Falkirk, Halidon, Pinkie, Flodden, etc. etc.

Personally I am not aware of having been bullied by the Scots: though we all know they occupy many positions, in England and elsewhere, not through merit, but from being put into them by their own countrymen.

I am, etc.,

ANOTHER MERE ENGLISHMAN

'PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE'

SIR,—The letter by Mr. R. Lonsdale Hands in your last issue makes me ask myself whether I have not unwittingly done a public service in writing on "People of Importance in Their Day." Why the plea that Youth should be given a chance is to be denounced as an evil is frankly beyond me; at a period when the future peace and prosperity of the world depend so largely on septuagenarian politicians and bankers, including so many of the elderly gentlemen who landed us in the war and botched the peace, it seems especially timely that the younger men and women should not have their efforts frustrated by greybeards ripe for superannuation. My original reference to the matter was merely incidental and applied solely to literature; Mr. Hands and Mr. Martell indicate that "Give Youth

a Chance" has a much wider application, even if the campaign be repugnant to certain grave and reverend seigniors.

I am, etc.,

Bark Place, W.

DAVID OCKHAM

SIR,—Mr. David Ockham's invitation to sundry well-known writers to shut up and give the young ladies and gentlemen a chance, and his basic thesis, suggest the application of the fashionable "quota" principle to the literary industry.

Why, for instance, should not publishers of novels (or magazines, for that matter,) be compelled to include in their output of illuminating print a fixed percentage of work by authors, or authoresses, say, under twenty-five years of age, a further and smaller proportion being secured to scribes unhappily past that mature limit of intellectual brilliance, but guiltless of reproach attaching to the perilous "forties," leaving the balance to be scrambled for by over-ripe scribblers insistent in the exposure of their decadent garrulity?

The principle might be reinforced in its working by the institution of a maximum limit of permissible output to any author. Results might be novel as interesting. In the case of a best seller, his price would naturally rise as his available margin diminished. (Figure to yourself, Mr. Editor, the rush for Mr. H. G. Wells's *absolutely last* 250,000 words!) There would be evasions, of course. Writers of feeble morality might resort to publication abroad, and regrettably minded commercialists defy an enlightened public sentiment in the importation of decrepit maunders. Special penal enactments would be called for; a worked-out writer convicted of entering upon a new and unauthorized incarnation under a fresh pseudonym might be dealt with by a revival of the pillory. The question of the readjustment of income-tax on authors' royalties would excite inevitable heart-burning. But, in the sequel, the youthful and inspired would have their chance of educating a public badly off for wisdom, and Mr. David Ockham would be well pleased—which would be all to the good.

Whether or not Mr. Edgar Wallace, or like transgressors, would find it in their consciences to utter ill-advised words is, unhappily, another matter.

I am, etc.,

H. F. SMALMAN-SMITH

THE VALUE OF THE CHURCH

SIR,—An analysis of the charges made by Mr. A. H. T. Clarke against the Church reveals two main accusations.

One is that the State has taken a certain line of action, as, for example, over the Dole or Prohibition, and that the Church has not objected to it.

The other is that the State has taken a certain line of action, as, for example, over the new Prayer Book, and that the Church has objected to it.

The correspondence in your columns over the question of Papal infallibility has shown how incredible that conception is. But how much more incredible is the belief that the Church can do nothing right! Finally, I would ask Mr. Clarke to produce any passage from the New Testament to support his assertion that that Book "ranks the State higher than the Church as the moral governor of the world."

I am, etc.,

Barnsley

W. WALLIS

THE REAL PRESENCE.

SIR,—May I be permitted to make a few observations upon a "Presence" in the Eucharist?

The Communion is the most elaborate service in every Anglican church, whether high or low. After introductory orisons comes the consecration of the elements, which must be performed by a specially ordained person. If the Communion is a mere memorial or conduit pipe, as the Bishop of Birming-

ham appears to suggest, why should such an elaborate ceremony be necessary? If there is no change of any kind (whether spiritual, physical or otherwise) in the elements after consecration, why should there be a consecration, and, further, why should such consecration have to be performed by an ordained priest? A memorial feast could be conducted decently and in order without the concomitants of ordination and consecration.

So far as one can see, the question of the Communion can only be approached in two ways, that is, either by logic or by faith. It is only logical to suppose that there is some kind of a "Presence" after the ceremonies which I have referred to earlier in this letter have been observed. As to faith, it is, of course, obvious that if one wishes one can believe in magic or anything else. The Bishop appears to be wrong in whichever of the two ways the question is dealt with. The Bishop seems to suggest that the Eucharist is merely a spectacle like a sunset or a picture. If the benefit conferred by the Communion is on the same lines as the observance of a beautiful sunset or picture, surely the exhibition in church of a beautiful picture would be an easy substitute for the Eucharist. Further, if the Bishop does not object to a gorgeous sunset, how can he object to elaborate ceremonies in church if the people feel they derive spiritual benefit from them? I submit that such a Eucharist as comes within the Bishop's purview could well be dispensed with altogether as a superfluity.

I am, etc.,

"A SOLICITOR"

Kent

THE EGYPTIAN PRESS PERSECUTION

SIR,—I may know nothing about the East—I believe it takes thirty years to begin to understand the Oriental, and I had only six. But I do claim some capability of discussing a question such as the Egyptian Press law on general grounds. Further, I would add that men who do know Egypt well would not agree with Mr. Reade that Egypt and India are not comparable. Indeed, in one matter they are very alike. In both cases the politically minded class who would work any imported scheme of democracy are extremely hostile to the mass of the peasantry.

I cannot understand two points with which Mr. Reade makes great play. He says that Turkey shows us that democracy can succeed in Asia. I should not myself call Mustapha Kemal a democrat, even in a strictly Pickwickian sense.

Again Mr. Reade has it that the fellahin are much interested in a free press, their only means of contact with the doings of their rulers. This may be true, but I should like some evidence that the average fellah can read. And I fear that Egyptian evidence would not satisfy me, for in Oriental hands statistics can prove anything. If Mr. Reade wants to see how a reputation for educational progress minus the education is secured, let him read Mr. Robert Graves's 'Goodbye to All That.' Mr. Graves is a democrat, and taught in Egypt, so his evidence would not be as suspect as mine drawn from Indian experience, and expounded by an incorrigible autocrat.

The fact is that Mr. Reade is so obsessed with democracy that he regards the statement "It is not democratic" as a sufficient condemnation of anything with which he disagrees. I still maintain that Sidky Pasha, confronted by a paper constitution that has failed to work (on Mr. Reade's own showing it could not function in the face of jealousy and place hunting), has set out to replace it by something, call it tyranny if you like, that will work. Naturally he begins by muzzling the Press, the instrument of that jealousy and place hunting that broke former administrations, and incidentally led to the murder of Sir Lee Stack and numerous riots and "student strikes." Further, I maintain Sidky Pasha deserves great

credit for his courage in giving offence to the maudlin sentimentalists of the Socialist Party who, to our sorrow, rule in England to-day.

Bexhill

I am, etc.,

J. W. A. HUNT

HOSPITALS AND NURSING-HOMES

SIR,—In the appeal which, I understand, is shortly to be launched for providing London's hospitals with additional private wards for paying patients, full publicity will no doubt be given to the advantages of such wards over both nursing-homes and home nursing. (They provide, for instance, revenue for the hospitals, are a convenience for doctors and surgeons, and are alleged to be economical for the patient.) That there is, however, another side to the picture has been recently made clear to me while attending a relative through an eventually fatal illness in a private ward of a big London hospital into which he had been persuaded to go by the surgeon in charge of his case.

Since 1927 nursing homes have been required to be registered and to comply with certain specified conditions. In them the patient may receive such special diet and individual care as it is necessarily difficult to provide elsewhere. In a hospital the two or three private wards are usually attached to one of the large general wards in charge of a sister. This sister may be helped by only one fully qualified nurse, the remaining nurses being probationers, kindly and well-meaning to be sure, but necessarily inexperienced, sometimes a trifle heavy-handed and invariably overworked. My experience shows that no one individual is apparently in charge of the patient's meals; foods specially prescribed are sometimes forgotten, and even the sister of a ward may show surprising ignorance of diet and wines. The cooking is frequently incredibly bad.

In a nursing-home, moreover, the relatives are usually recognized as being the people most concerned with the patient's welfare, or at any rate as the people who are paying the bill. But in a hospital the relatives of a patient in a private ward cannot possibly receive the same personal consideration. Even when rules about "visiting hours" are courteously waived in an emergency, the relatives always have a feeling that they are there on sufferance, and they are liable to be arbitrarily excluded at any time. Even when they feel that the actual nursing attention is definitely unsatisfactory they must always hesitate to say so openly, and risk vexing those who still hold the patient's life in their hands. The layman, it seems, is to believe that in hospitals, doctors, nurses and surgeons are above criticism.

With regard to the question of expense there cannot be such a very large difference as is sometimes imagined. In a private ward an initial weekly charge is made, but this may be increased by charges for extras, or almost doubled if a night nurse is required, since you will be charged not only her salary but also the cost of her board and lodging at the hospital.

One final consideration, which, however, perhaps outweighs all others in importance, is that you may enter a nursing-home and still be under the personal care of your own family doctor, who knows fully the history of your case and your constitution. With the best will in the world, the perfect strangers to whose care you are entrusted in a hospital cannot have the same personal interest in the patient, nor the same intimate knowledge of what treatments are, or are not, suitable for him.

I do not wish to suggest, sir, that the hospitals' appeal, when it is launched, will not be worthy of support. I do earnestly submit, however, that there is definitely a difference from the point of view of the relatives and from that of the patient, between a good nursing-home and the private ward of a hospital, and that that difference should be known and recognized.

I enclose my card, but ask to be allowed to sign myself,

LAYMAN

THE ENGLISH SUNDAY

SIR,—It is useless, while Sunday is made a day which drives thousands of people abroad every week-end to escape from its inexpressible tedium, to expect foreigners to go to England for week-end visits. If only our parochially minded legislators could go abroad and hear from foreigners themselves their candid impressions of an English Sunday, they would realize that the various restrictions, which English people endure patiently through long familiarity with crank legislation, are instrumental in preventing hundreds of thousands of pounds from being spent in England every year.

There are innumerable people, too, living in the suburbs, obliged to work late all the week, to whom Sunday evening performances or Sunday matinees would be a very real boon, especially during the winter months. It is nonsense to pretend that these performances would interfere with anybody's church-going, for in France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Austria (of these countries I can speak from personal experience) the churches are as full, if not fuller, than in England, and Sunday is always considered the best day of the week for theatre bookings.

Surely it would be possible for managers giving Sunday performances, either to close on Monday nights (always a bad night from the box-office point of view), or to let actors and actresses playing all the week have Mondays for their day of rest, and give plays on Monday nights at reduced prices, with an understudy cast? Everybody employed in a theatre should be legally entitled to his or her weekly day of rest. This system would not only employ a larger number of people, but also give young talent a chance of being seen, and incidentally ensure smooth performances if understudies had to play at short notice. And I feel convinced that any loss to the box-office through the principals being out of the bill on Monday evenings, reduced prices and increased understudies' salaries for one weekly performance, would be more than compensated for by the returns of Sunday performances.

The vogue of the cinema is sufficient proof that there is a widespread popular demand for Sunday entertainment, and, apart from the injustice of penalizing our struggling drama, and the thousands it employs, in favour of Hollywood, it is vital for our hotels, restaurants and trade in general to attract the foreigner to England. Our present policy not only does nothing to attract, but positively repels the potential week-end in our country, in addition to driving thousands, whose means make it possible, to spend their week-ends in more cheerful and congenial surroundings.

I am, etc.,

CHRISTOPHER SANDEMAN

Grasse, A.M., France

'THE FALLING BIRTH RATE'

SIR,—Dr. Louis I. Dublin, the eminent American statistician, urges your readers to realize that the great movement of the falling birth rate among the Western peoples will have important, and possibly serious, national and international consequences. The only definite anticipation he makes is that Russia, China and India may dominate the world; but the strikingly reduced natality of Moscow and Leningrad and the official birth-control facilities in many centres suggest that the Russians have begun to adopt the small family system. An anticipation which I feel he should have made is that the low birth-rate nations will draw together for mutual support if they should have any fear of the high birth-rate nations. It is to be hoped, too, that they will pay great attention to eugenics in order to offset the stationariness of population by immensely raising its quality.

I am, etc.,

Queen's Gate, S.W.

B. DUNLOP, M.B.

NEW NOVELS

By H. C. HARWOOD

The Brontës Went to Woolworth's. By Rachel Ferguson. Benn. 7s. 6d.

The Moth of Holiness. By Paul Bloomfield. Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

Robbers in Purple. By Christobel Lowndes Yates. Hartley. 7s. 6d.

The Blanket of the Dark. By John Buchan. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

Eastern Slave. By Peter Martin. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

SO whimsicality is coming in again, according to the trend of fashion, which turns for its models to the pre-war years; and so the more precious fantasies of yesterday will be replaced by a genial idiocy. There will be a revival of limericks next, limericks of the grand period when neither logic nor indecency was allowed to disturb a pure unreason, and of those anecdotes so dear to Auberon Quin, the point of which was that they had no point. All will be gaiety in a corner, and Sir James Barrie will be apotheosized before his death. Well, well. Anything for a change. Indeed, if all the dealers in whimsey were to enjoy Miss Rachel Ferguson's humour and wit, the prospect would be sunny. And there is this advantage in the coming modification of taste, that while a bad non-committal satire of nothing in particular, thickly larded with girlish impropriety, and faintly suggestive, like the drains at Buckingham Palace, of the eighteenth century, will always find some to praise it in its abjection, a bad whimsey is definitely bad. So if we must escape from reality let us do it in the spirit of a children's romp.

The mother and three daughters, the Carnes, in Miss Ferguson's book, are all too whimsical for words. Their imaginary friends, one or two of whom actually come to life, represent in its richest greenery the tradition of Kensington Gardens. The pipes of Peter Pan flute musically overhead, and a strong campaign is carried on, as may be any day in Broad Walk, against governesses. Ironface is especially enjoyable. Beginning as a kid doll with face and forearms of painted tin, she "developed an intolerably overbearing manner, married a French Count called Isidore (de la So-and-So, de la Something Else), and now lives in feudal state in France, whence even to this day she makes occasional descents upon us by private aeroplane-de-luxe, patronizing us in an accent exasperatingly perfect, and bearing extravagant gifts which we have to accept." In praise of herself she has composed two songs, and you will like the beginning of the second:

Je connais une belle mondaine

(Ah! comme elle est chic!)

De costumes elle a une trentaine

(Ah! comme elle est chic!)

Other friends, not like Ironface, totally subjective, led a dual life, partly in the Carnes' imagination, and partly in such ways as might be tested by reference to 'Who's Who' and the newspapers. Others again were ghosts. Emily and Charlotte Brontë, for example, paid a call. No wonder that the youngest of the Carne girls began to be frightened as well as perplexed. She really could not make out who was dead and who was living, and the two governesses successively put over her had not the intelligence—or should I say the whimsicality?—to make things put on a bread and butter semblance. The first governess was a plain fool, and the second had the little knowledge that made her painfully try

to play up to these family pretences. But everything remains quite nice. The screw is not turned. The withers are not wrung. All ends in a rich nursery atmosphere.

Justice is due to Miss Ferguson, and I should explain that she makes the Carne girls opposed to and incredulous about dolls, fairies and Peter Pan. I do not believe her, but that is what she writes. Hers is the whimsicality from which talking dolls, picture-book fairies and P.P. proceed, though she may prefer to them her own interpretation of it. I must add that her dislike of governesses, about which I am not prepared to argue, is extended so far as to depreciate the Brontës. No one minds a whimsical author making play with life and death, heaven and hell, and the souls of those departed. But hands off the Brontës, please, or if hands must touch, let it be with reverence.

Mr. Bloomfield's 'Moth of Holiness' might with unfairness, but a superficial pertinence, be described as Aldous-and-water. The young men, never quite the same since they went through the war, combine intellectual sophistication with amorous ineptitude. The young women are simple-minded or horrid, sometimes both, and revere a literary reputation without understanding upon what it is based. There is even the rich hostess who collects celebrities in dishevelled parties, a Mrs. Leo Hunter, of Eaton Square. Nevertheless, Oliver Druce, Mr. Bloomfield's hero, has the roots of whimsicality in him. It is not that Mr. Bloomfield's imagination or his style are childish. Far from it. But he lacks the sour fervour, the intellectual irascibility, of his masters, and where he is best is where he lets his characters play. Even the pungent scenes when Kate presses on Oliver's acquaintance that all too popular novelist, Bawstell, are essentially capricious. Cheerfulness keeps breaking in.

To fulfil his promise, Mr. Bloomfield should give his fancy a wider field, and be less austere bent on illustrating the harmfulness of snobbishness, the social inconveniences of divorce and what not.

'Robbers in Purple' comes near to being a good book, though it lacks humour and assurance. The heroine is a spinster in her late 'thirties, shamefully bullied by her father, insulted and cheated by her sister, and bored by her aunt. I might add that her young man is the worst of the whole bunch, but luckily neither Miss Yates nor Miss Yates's heroine, Ann, realizes that. By them his egotism and appalling monologues are forgiven, if not admired. Ann's difficult escape from a despised and dependent spinsterhood to the joy and fullness of life is the novel's interesting theme, and the strongest passages describe the just believable devilishness of sister Maisie. As it happens, the cards were in Ann's hands all the time—one of those wills, you know—and a contemporary should have known better how to play them. Ann was not a cloistered Victorian, and her missishness deprives her of my sympathy. But the story has power, and moves well, except when that young man is allowed to blether about gypsies.

Mr. Buchan's 'Blanket of the Dark' is a thoroughly enjoyable novel of an abortive rebellion against Henry the Eighth, rather seriously written as if its author had more to suggest in the way of historical criticism than the exigencies of the plot allow him, but brisk in action, for those who like escapes and excursions, and savoury with the queer life of the country-side, a country-side then changing as rapidly as to-day. Perhaps I shall be giving away no secret when I say that Henry was not dethroned by the last of the Bohuns.

'Eastern Slave' is lower in the brow and rougher in the neck. A private soldier in Malaya—and really he was a quite well-connected Australian—rescues a very beautiful Chinese girl whose master is having her clothes whipped from her back by canes. The plot weakens before the end, but the going is pretty good.

REVIEWS

THE REAL NAVY

The Ways of the Navy. By Rear-Admiral D. Arnold-Forster. Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a book that every naval cadet and midshipman will want to keep by him as a text-book, and the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, as well as the uncles and aunts, of these young officers will read it with interest. A great deal is written about His Majesty's ships and the life that is led in them, and not all that is written is true. But Admiral Arnold-Forster, after upwards of thirty years' service, describes what he knows from personal experience and he supplies, as in the case of the boatswain's pipe, just the appropriate historical background to call up memories of the Navy of masts and yards, its manners, its language, its customs, and even its dress, which was of the strangest. Such a volume is to be welcomed as a link between the Old Navy and the New Navy, reminding officers and men that they have inherited great traditions, which should be preserved at all costs. After all, the service, in one form or another, goes back for a matter of a thousand years, and in some respects, especially in devotion to duty and loyalty to high ideas of service, it has undergone little change except in material things, the design of the ships, their armament, and their equipment. *Punch* published some years ago a cartoon showing Nelson surveying the Fleet at Spithead. "The ships," he remarked, "have changed, but the spirit remains unchanged." That is the moral of this book. "The Navy," as Lord Fisher used to remark, "has always been going to the dogs," but it goes on gaining new laurels. May the New Navy never forget the Old Navy, and all it stood for in the upbuilding and consolidation of the British Empire, the charting of the seas for all who go down in the great waters, the suppression of piracy, the putting down of slavery, the defence of liberty and the support of the pitifully weak against the brutally strong. The British Fleet has been the protector of the little countries and the salvation of isolated communities of white men and women in the far corners of the world. Its mission has dictated the character of its life. The sailor under the White Ensign, as Admiral Arnold-Forster shows, is not as other men. His world is separate and apart. So long as he keeps free from the enervating influence of the land, not forgetting service on a stool at the Admiralty and maintains his watch and ward over the seven seas, all will be well. The idea that in the Royal Navy there is little discipline as compared with other national services is completely dispelled by this volume. Discipline is enforced in all the changing vicissitudes of life, and not even the admiral escapes. Officers and men, as Admiral Arnold-Forster reveals, are all governed by a series of codes, which are essential if chaos is not to reign. Indeed the discipline to-day and the orders applying to uniform are more precise than at any previous period.

Admiral Arnold-Forster is obviously a lover of all things naval, and he communicates his enthusiasm to his readers. His pages are full of fascination. He writes of unfamiliar things—of gun salutes, admirals' and other flags, navigation lore, soundings and fathoms, guns and torpedoes, work on board ship, boat etiquette, and all the changes in the material which physical science has introduced. He has divided his book, of course, into chapters, but the chapters are linked together by sentiments as old as the British people. He writes of things which are done and things which are not done in the Navy. He explains why they are not done. It is all logical and sensible, the

expression of a highly disciplined service. For instance, the Navy has its boat etiquette. Not only the guard boat, but every boat approaching an anchored warship after dark is challenged by the hail "Boat ahoy!" sung out sharply from the bridge forward or from the quarter-deck aft, and boats that come alongside without answering the challenge promptly do so at their peril, and are liable to be fired at. It is the coxswain's business to answer the hail instantly. The correct answer depends upon who is in the boat. If officers of lieutenant's rank and above are in the boat the answer is "Aye, aye!" and for anyone below that rank "No, no!" If the captain of the ship is in the boat, the reply given is the ship's name; for an admiral the answer is "Flag." A boat not coming alongside simply answers, "Passing!"

As the author points out, boat salutes, like salutes by gun-fire, are full of pitfalls for the unwary. For instance a steam boat does not salute when towing other boats, and if the officer or coxswain in charge stops his engines to show respect to some senior officer, not only will the tow come bumping into him, but he will probably be hauled over the coals afterwards. The midshipman in charge of a cutter under oars merely salutes with his hand on passing a lieutenant in another boat; if, however, the same lieutenant is flying a pendant in the bows, he represents his captain on duty, and oars must be tossed, or more will be heard of it. As the author reminds us, the most annoying mistakes may be made in saluting the admiral's steam barge. When the admiral is on duty, with his flag flying in the bows of his boat, it is not always so simple. The distinguished looking figure in the sternsheets may not be the admiral at all—quite possibly he may be his steward going ashore for eggs and fresh milk and a cutter's crew that tosses oars to him will have their legs badly pulled when they return on board.

But Admiral Arnold-Forster is not concerned only with the letter of the law as handed down from generation to generation in His Majesty's ships. He can be reminiscent, as well as didactic, as for instance, when he writes of "Stunsail work." He has his stories to tell of beards and moustaches in the Navy of yesterday; of coaling ship before oil went to sea; of hoisting and lowering boats; and of scores of other incidents in the life of the Navy. In these pages are to be found humour as well as pathos, as the author sweeps his brain for recollections which will illustrate his moral. We have one story, which will excite curiosity. Who was the admiral? The author says that he was famed for dashing destroyer work at Jutland. Even as a youngster he was a master of resource. When a midshipman on a distant foreign station, his best uniform trousers had become so disreputable that the captain, going round the "divisions" on Sunday, looked him up and down with disapproving eye. To wear them again was risky. Next Sunday, to everyone's surprise, he appeared in new thick cloth trousers, very tight and of strange cut. Only his faithful marine servant was in the secret. He had taken up a pair of Marine trousers for himself from the sergeant-major's clothing store on board, and picked off the red stripes to adapt them for his young master. But that is not all. One day, this midshipman's dirk slipped from its scabbard and fell overboard. Instead of wasting his meagre pay on a new one, he had a talk with one of the carpenter's crew. A carved wooden hilt, painted and gilded, was fitted to the empty scabbard and passed muster until one day at small arms drill he heard the dreaded order, "Officers will draw sword!"

If it were permissible, anecdote after anecdote might be quoted. But that would be unfair to Admiral Arnold-Forster as well as to the reader. For this is a book to be read and to be kept at hand for reference whenever talk turns on "the way they have in the Navy." It reveals the heart of the senior service and explains its high standard of efficiency.

ARCHIBALD HURD

A JESUIT PSYCHOLOGY

Experimental Psychology. By Johannes Lindworsky, S.J. Translated by Harry R. De Silva, D.Ph. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

THOSE who like their psychology highly seasoned will be disappointed in this book. The word "sex" does not appear in its table of contents. Professor Lindworsky will have none of the Freudian "fantasies" (the word is his own or his translator's), but takes us back to school again, to learn, by strictly scientific methods, the very A.B.C. of what he desires to establish as a scientifically founded empirical, or experimental, to use the word which he prefers, science. Implicitly he recognizes what seems to many of us the obvious fact that psychology is never likely to rank as an exact science. How can we ever expect to identify and gauge in the true proportions of their activity the qualities and tendencies possessed by any individual which will be brought into action by any given set of circumstances?

The present work indicates no such pretensions, but confines itself to a systematic examination of what we may term the primary human mental processes; postulating introspection as the inevitable suggestive agent in all such enquiry. Once the enquiry started, the author has spared no pains to obtain more or less constant averages of the replies to questions carefully designed to reveal the individual reactions of very many subjects to the mental suggestions to which the questions gave rise in the mind of each. The reverend and learned professor's method is exhaustive and shows his possession of the quality of infinite patience.

Indeed, though his name suggests a Polish origin, it may be said that he has in a very high degree the Teutonic capacity for suffering (and inflicting?) boredom gladly. In this work there is no detail of what he has declared to be within its scope with which he has failed to deal with meticulous insistence. The ultimate result is a great clarity which leaves no possibility of misunderstanding of the exact meaning he has intended to convey. Unlike some other writers on this and kindred subjects he seeks no refuge from any mental fogginess on his own part in ambiguous technical jargon.

Whatever may be revealed by any further books by this author (and as has been said, this one goes no further than the bases of psychological study), we can be sure that he will never employ any of the many will-o'-the-wisps with which the misty domain of psychology is now infested to lead us off the sure ground of established fact.

This book has also been translated from the original German into Spanish and Italian, and should have a wide acceptance as a primary manual.

FROST

Snow. Poems by Humbert Wolfe. Gollancz. 6s.

IT is a tortuous, tottering, wriggling, fidgety translation of everything from the vulgar tongue, into all the tantalizing, teasing, tripping, lispings *mimminee-pimminee* of the highest brilliance and fashion of poetical diction—that is Hazlitt, speaking with just anger and critical rectitude of the poetry of Samuel Rogers; and his words apply well to Humbert Wolfe. Mr. Wolfe, in fact, is not unlike a minor Rogers if you allow for the differences of century and situation.

Rogers's poetry was a mixture of new and old. By saying nothing in a new-old fashion, he won a huge

life-time's audience. Mr. Wolfe does the same, for his verses have always been an empty new-old farrago; and in 'Snow' he comes to a sea-bed of imbecility to which he never gurgled before even in 'The Uncelestial City' and in 'Requiem.' His verses here "are poetry, chiefly because no particle, line or syllable of them reads like prose." Invaluable Hazlitt! But Hazlitt, when he read through Samuel Rogers, never came upon such a flock of poems so sheepishly idiotic and so studiously high sounding.

The trouble with Mr. Wolfe is just this: He has spent all the little that was in him. His world now is a world which can always be purchased, if not at Woolworth's, at Selfridge's bargain basement. It is a world of cheap and vulgar emotional symbols unenforced by thought, and his popularity is a public danger. He gains ear by possessing a technique of communication so glib and so accomplished that his readers have not questioned the luggage in the vehicle. And what is the luggage? The sentimentalities which act like an eschalot to Mr. Wolfe's eyes: the fact that girls were loved in Troy as they are to-day (vide 'Firelight'); the fact that each recurrent April reminds Mr. Wolfe of former Aprils—in Bradford?—and of youth (vide 'Dead Springs'); the fact that Fitzgerald too, heard "the cadence of the English leaves at dusk"; the fact that always, always there lurks just beyond the grasp of Mr. Wolfe's damp fingers a Shy Beauty, a Once-Glimpsed, Unattainable Paradise:

Now go, my book, and take with thee
the bright unwritten part of me.
Tell them each poem bears the mark
of the intact, majestic dark
that mercifully cloaks the eyes
which saw, and lost, their Paradise.
Tell them that he who overheard
an incommunicable word,
offers no other plea than this
to the eternal silences.

I suggest that those who unrepentantly admire this easy Poetic flatulence should examine statistically Mr. Wolfe's word-range; that they should jot down, say from 'Snow' or 'Requiem,' the number of times he uses such words of misty reference as "love," "loveliness," "heart," "beauty," "world," "leaves" and "flowers" (he seldom particularizes further than "rose" or "daffodil"), "golden," "dream" and "dawn." Then they will be convinced that there is "no other fault to be found with him"—I quote from Hazlitt once more—"than a want of taste and genius"; that Mr. Wolfe is not so much the Samuel Rogers as the Della Cruscan of our time, an ephemera who should need no bludgeoning Gifford to strike him down.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

LET'S EXPLORE

The English Adventurers. By Clennell Wilkinson. English Heritage Series. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

THOSE who remember Mr. Clennell Wilkinson's 'Life of Dampier' may be led to fancy that he is returning to the same theme in this book; but the truth is that he is sketching an infinitely wider field, and one which (so far as I recall) has never yet been treated in all the variety of its historical growth and perspective. Even one who failed to be thrilled at school by the name of Drake, who could not overcome an instinctive reluctance to test the narrative powers of Hakluyt, who had no anxiety to dispel his ignorance of Captain Cook, who is still unable to take the smallest interest in Polar exploration, whose most fearful nightmare is to be banished to the Antarctic, and who never travels north without an inward shrinking of the heart, or boards a

big boat (other than a Channel steamer) without feeling once again like a new boy at school—even a man of such inactive taste can turn expectantly to a small volume which gives a bird's-eye view of all our adventures from Richard Cœur de Lion to Burton and Stanley, and from Stanley to Shackleton and Lawrence. These strange folk have left, or have inspired, a great literature, and to have an expert summary of that and of their doings is as agreeable as to try Indian curry without going further than Swallow Street. Almost all this literature was a blank page to me. I should never have known what I had missed without Mr. Wilkinson's assistance; and to all in the like case I warmly commend his delightful survey of the whole subject. Without pretending to have been converted to "exploring," I possess the idea of it now in outline, and (if only there were an index and a map) this book would be a perfect summary for stay-at-homes, written, too, in the most companionable of styles.

Mr. Wilkinson knows all about it, and perhaps the gusto of his writing derives from some native sympathy with the Crusader, the Free Companion, the Buccaneer and the Explorer. The Equator, I dare swear, is very dear to him. Not to be utterly outdone, let me therefore mention that the great Stanley once took me on his knee and told me stories of the pygmies, of which all that remains is their custom of furling their beards round little wands. The imagination of a small boy responded to that, when all the famous exploits of Englishmen upon the Spanish Main failed to arouse the most sluggish curiosity. To the hero-worshippers of Drake, and Nansen, and Sven Hedin, to the precocious children who sleep with Mercator's projection under their pillows, this book will come like *fin champagne*. All the periods, and all the explorers of England contribute to the subject. Every century is harvested in its turn.

England, we are told, has one boast over other countries in this matter. If not in quality, at least in quantity, we top the rest. Perhaps this may be due to our living on an island, for islanders have often been imperialists and the maritime empires have been chiefly theirs. In order to travel at all, an islander must venture on the sea, and (having taken that enormous risk) to meet cannibals or anthropophagi is only natural. We were first beckoned by the Crusades. In the fourteenth century it was the Hundred Years War. Then the disbanded soldiers became the Free Companions who had to choose between starvation or service as mercenaries in France and Italy, and we have vivid sketches of Sir Robert Knollys and Sir John Hawkwood, of whose portrait Mr. Wilkinson says, his "was an Australian face if ever I saw one." The Wars of the Roses kept men at home during the fifteenth century, and the next was the time of Hakluyt's heroes. Of this Welshman, without whose record our knowledge (and estimate) of Frobisher and Drake would be very different, there is a charming picture. Hakluyt was an armchair traveller, but as an editor and as a writer he was inspired. He journeyed across England to verify his stories, and he imparted to them not only the musical idiom of his time, the age of great prose, but the tone that makes us say "it rings true." His literary remains, it seems, were clumsily edited, so that, by the method of comparison between the books that he published and his posthumous papers, we can see what an artist he was. The critical reader will note the skill with which Mr. Wilkinson treats such diverse types as Hawkwood and Hakluyt. Such a varied gallery of portraits could scarcely be more consistently sympathetic. No lover of biography should miss this book, with its glimpses of nabobs, of English history seen from this queer, instructive, and often amusing angle, and its high moments of great stories—such as that of Stanley finding Livingstone surrounded by copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW. By the way, it was Emin not Livingstone who was so sorry to be found!

On the future Mr. Wilkinson is sad and silent. With Australia nearly mapped and Mongolia being excavated, with pleasure-steamers taking anyone "a thousand miles" up the Amazon, with the Polar regions virtually traversed, what is the future of exploring to be? The moon certainly looks uninviting enough to attract the maddest of adventurers, but the only land that seems to remain virgin to their tread is the floor of the ocean. Deep-sea diving seems to have a future, and, if so, men will go down to the sea in a sense undreamed of by the Navigators. Meantime, here is a new subject for most readers, and the author, who has found his own way through it, is a delightful and amusing guide.

OSBERT BURDETT

THE ARRANT EGOTIST

Trial of Alfred Arthur Rouse. Edited by Helena Normanton. Hodge. 10s. 6d.

THAT Rouse was the villain in the "Blazing Car" affair is no longer open to doubt. Whether his guilt was satisfactorily established at the trial is quite another matter. Although Miss Normanton deals with every stage of the case in her introduction, it is certainly a pity that the volume contains no report of the police-court proceedings, during which a mass of evidence derogatory to the prisoner's character was given. It was of a kind, indeed, to suggest a possible motive for the crime, but, to say the least, its legal admissibility was dubious, and at the assizes it was omitted altogether. In summing up, Mr. Justice Talbot observed: "In my opinion there is no theory which is even plausible which has been made good, established, as to why this man did this murder—if he did it." But a theory had been adumbrated before the magistrates, and had, consequently, been blazoned over England by the newspapers. Whatever small chance there might have been of the jury putting it out of mind was destroyed when one of the women, on whose statement it had been founded, was put into the box at the actual trial to give evidence on a point of no material importance. Having regard to what had gone before, the idea that there was prejudice in the verdict against Rouse cannot be dismissed. The average jurymen can only have been baffled by the engineering experts, and may well have been tempted to consider the prisoner a second Habakkuk.

As Miss Normanton says, Rouse was a product of war. There appears to have been a moment in his life when, having missed his jab with the bayonet at an enemy, he thought himself at the German's mercy. The episode was probably decisive in his career. With the normal individual, there are generally limits beyond which even the dominating instinct of self-preservation does not go, but there was none with this man. All that is known about him attests to his colossal sense of his own importance, and the desire he so freely gratified to have offspring finally confirms this estimate of his character. Had he been the average sensual man, he had abundant opportunities for amusements which need not have involved him in serious difficulties. His passion for maintaining and increasing the Rouse stock was, of course, his undoing. Eventually, the growing number of his burdens and entanglements was too much for him. When it seemed to him that by taking the life of a friendless vagabond, he could secure himself a fresh start, he was without compunction. That the road would not have been clear for him, even had no charge of murder supervened, was a useful argument for his counsel to put before twelve men of presumable common sense; yet to one possessing the conceit of Rouse it may hardly have occurred.

D. WILLOUGHBY

RELIGIOUS SOURCES

The Origin and Growth of Religion: Facts and Theories. By W. Schmidt. Methuen. 15s.

FATHER SCHMIDT'S views, though they have been known to our anthropologists, have not hitherto been available in a work for English readers, and this book, translated from the German by Professor H. J. Rose, is very welcome. It is a critical review of the various theories which have at different times been put forward with regard to the origin and development of religion, leading up to Father Schmidt's own contribution to the everlasting dispute; everlasting, because there is no evidence whatever with regard to the dawn of religion, and conjecture is free to all, while there is a growing prejudice in favour of plausibility, though plausibility is a very relative term when we are discussing the possible mental states of a newly evolved animal reasoning at large, with no possible means of knowing any but the simplest facts of the universe into which he had so surprisingly emerged. Father Schmidt is very hard on the evolutionists, who once held that religious beliefs had evolved steadily from the simple to the complex, and, no doubt, it would be easy to demonstrate that a really nasty complexity may in many cases have preceded a very noble simplicity. But comparative religion, after all, is a matter of facts and their interpretation, and even to-day probably there remain facts ungarnered, and certainly many that are still misunderstood. Father Schmidt's own interest is centred in that very widely spread belief among even the most primitive people that there is a super-god—the sky-father of whom Sir James Frazer has gathered so many illuminating and amusing stories; and the inference Father Schmidt seems inclined to draw from the amazingly wide distribution of this belief, is that one of man's first religious bent was towards a monotheistic worship of a beneficent being. The argument is interesting and in a way persuasive; but on the whole the conjecture that the first religion was a magic to avert evil from many sources, rather than a desire to thank and worship a giver of good, more closely corresponds with what we know of the fundamental facts of human nature, which is given more to complaints of pains than to thanksgiving for pleasure. However, as man has been in existence for hundreds of thousands of years, and as the most primitive man has had as long an ancestry as the most civilized, we can believe whatever it pleases us to believe of what happened when man began to reason from false premises to strange conclusions.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Land of Troy and Tarsus. By J. E. Wetherell. R.T.S. 7s. 6d.

FROM Subbiluluma to Kemal Pasha, Mr. Wetherell essays to tell the story of Asia Minor as it is recorded by the archaeologist and historian and in the widely borrowed mythology of the Greeks. The book does not pretend to give more than a popular account of the country and its peoples, its shifting kingdoms and the empires that have conquered and absorbed them, but it is written so attractively that many of its readers, one imagines, will turn with pleasurable anticipation to more important histories of the periods discussed. The importance of Asia Minor, as the great meeting-place of East and West, cannot easily be exaggerated. It was the cradle of European science and philosophy, history and poetry, and, owing to the activities of St. Paul, one of the principal centres of the early Christian

Church; and it is, of course, the Hellenic and Christian interest of Asia Minor which inspired the title of the book. The early history of the land is still far too meagre, but considering how fruitful the Hittite discoveries in Cappadocia have already been, and remembering that Anatolia contains scores of sites that have hardly been touched by the excavator, the future may have much to tell us of those fateful years when the Peoples of the Isles were restless, and Ionia was colonized by the Greeks.

The People of the Leaves. By Vivian Meik. Allan. 12s. 6d.

MR. MEIK was not the first to discover or describe "the people of the leaves," as he would have learnt had he inquired in the right quarters. Here is a brief popular description of a similar jungle people published five and twenty years ago. "Men under 5ft., women 4ft. 8in. . . . no arts or industries; no arms, except the bow and arrow; till recently no clothes, except a tuft of foliage fastened by the women round the hips. . . . The hut is a mere leaf shelter, and they roam the forests like wild beasts in quest of small game and the fruits, berries or roots on which they live." Mr. Meik will recognize the description. Whether, however, any European has ever lived with these lowly people in such close contact as that established by Mr. Meik is another matter. For some time Mr. Meik lived in the Bengal jungle alone with them, and the intimacy of his observation gives a peculiar value to his story, which, however, has points in it which need clearing up. There are records of polyandry among the jungle tribes, but totemic exogamy seems to be the general rule. But according to Mr. Meik his "people of the leaves" have no social structure beyond leadership by a fortuitous headman, and live in a promiscuity that, he tells us, made him "very, very sad," but which will make anthropologists "very, very curious." If it is Mr. Meik's very perfunctory knowledge of their language and not any question of his veracity that is involved—his people are as he describes them, then we have an example of tribal decay unparalleled elsewhere. As a popular account by a travelled but otherwise untrained observer, the book is interesting despite its style, which is apt to be lyrical, and we are given many excellent photographs of these amiable, timid and oppressed aborigines.

Maria Fernanda. By Huberto Pérez de la Ossa. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

THIS book, admirably translated by Professor Allison Peers, is by one of the younger modern Spanish novelists and has been awarded the Spanish National Prize for literature. It is, in effect, a psychological study of the most delicate character, and the reader will mark with interest the different treatment which the subject receives at the hands of a Spanish author from that which it would have met at those of a Frenchman, say M. Prévost. The book is intensely Spanish, not only because of the religious atmosphere which pervades it, but also in the mixture of realism and mysticism which is so marked on every page. The only adverse criticism one is tempted to make is that the author has somewhat forced an unhappy ending, but as this is but relatively unhappy, it is not a serious blemish. It is to be hoped that the reception of this book will be such as to tempt the publishers to make more of the author's works accessible to the British public.

The Index for Volume CLI is now ready and can be obtained on application to the Publishers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, King St., Covent Garden, W.C.2.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XLIII

One of our competition judges desires a motto for a sun-dial with which he proposes to adorn his garden in the country. Another thinks he would like a motto inscribed upon the geyser in his suburban bathroom.

We offer two prizes of a guinea each to the competitor, or competitors, who can best supply these two wants.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their names and addresses in a sealed envelope. The entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The closing date of this competition will be Monday, August 31, and it is hoped to announce the results in September.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXVII JUDGE'S REPORT

Although a big pile of manuscripts has proved to me that the spirit of parody is still alive, the duty of passing judgment has for once been made easy for me. Two prizes were on offer, and the entries of two competitors happen to be not only superior, but incontestably superior to all the rest. First, there is Mr. E. V. Warne's 'Epic of Humpty Dumpty' in five cantos, for any one of which, as a coupon was forwarded for each, a prize might have been awarded. If his opening with a travesty of Swinburne displays no more than common ability in versification, it has touches of a subtle wit, and his conclusion, with Browning, is one of the finest pieces of fooling I have read. In between, his Wordsworth is delightful and his Chaucer supremely clever. As to his Miltonic lines, I am less ready to praise them, because, without perusing the whole of 'Paradise Lost,' I cannot swear that none of them has been lifted bodily from that poem. My recommendation to the Editor is that he awards the prize of eight guineas for the complete composition, and publish as much of it as possible. Second prize of four guineas should go to Aries, for her 'Little Boy Blue,' wherein we have parody performing what Sir Owen Seaman considered its highest function as "a department of pure criticism." Miss Sitwell will, of course, recognize it as a new Bucolic Comedy. The word "pew" in the first line means, according to the Oxford Dictionary, "a fine stream of breath forced through an aperture in the lips." I feel under no obligation to explain the meaning, if any, of the remainder of the poem; but the last line is masterly, and, I feel sure, extravagantly significant.

Of the other entrants, Grizel, with 'A thing by Epstein will annoy for ever,' was, perhaps, the best. He was, however, too annoyed by 'Rima' and 'Genesis' to take more than passing heed of Keats. Edie's 'Sale Fever' was an amusing skit on the Poet Laureate's 'Sea Fever.' Beta began well with "Breathes there a man with sex so dead," only to stagger in the footsteps of Sir Walter before the finish. Pearl was wise and witty in the manner of Alexander Pope, but a trifle too heavy. Innisfree, in her 'Father William,' made an interesting, though not quite, successful effort to parody a parody. Noel Archer failed with her burlesque of Robert Bridges, through a lack of that reverence for the model which is in nearly all the best parodists.

(SWINBURNE)

In a world that was mad without madness,
To a song that was born without sound,
The hero of ages of gladness
Was hurled to the pitiless ground.

And ere this pale planet could capture
The melodious music of Mars,
The night that was riven with rapture
Grew splendid with stars.

To the moan of a sea that was dying,
And the sting of a languishing storm,
The maid who had sorrowed went sighing
To that lovely elliptical form.
And the lips that her lover had flattered,
Whose petulant passion was flown,
When she stooped to the shell that was shattered,
Were senseless as stone.

(WORDSWORTH)

If from the common path you chance to stray,
And find yourself beside a pleasant lea,
Not half a league from where the Derwent pours
Its waters in the torrent of the Dove;
And if, in pensive mind or sportive mood,
Ten further steps you take, you will espy
An ancient oak, whose trunk displays a growth
Of ponderous luxuriance, adorned
With ivy circumambient. If, perchance,
Fatigued by your itinerant toil, you sink
Upon a mossy bank, direct your gaze
To yonder lofty wall, which proudly rears
Above the neighbouring trees for miles around
Its mural eminence. And if, refreshed,
You wend your steps towards this ancient wall,
Stoop down and read the words that are inscribed
Not one foot from the ground, which plainly tell
Of one, a simple peasant, who shall form
The subject of the tale I now relate,
Prompted by those mysterious stirrings born
Of common objects, fostered by the power
Of Natural agencies.

He was a man

Of frugal tastes who unassisted earned
By marketing the produce of the soil
A modest competence; by nature, kind
And cheerful with a homely piety.
On summer evenings when the sun had sunk
To rest, ere the first bright star appeared,
This worthy man, fatigued by honest toil,
Was wont to climb upon the ivied wall,
And sit in contemplation lost, and thoughts
Of calm religion and domestic bliss;
Not inattentive to the murmuring sound
Of mountain torrent in the distant hills,
Which lulls the weary earth to deep repose.
Thus lived he many years, until one day
He journeyed to a neighbouring market town,
For all his arduous labour to procure
Emolument too small. But, sad to tell,
Whether by profit tempted or the claims
Of riotous companions, he returned
Back to his rustic cottage in a state
Of partial inebriety (for which
I blush, but needs must to the truth adhere).
While in this state, reluctant to forgo
His wonted pleasure, he climbed upon the wall,
And scarcely had attained the summit when
His gait became unstable, and he fell,
Sustaining a concussion and a shock
To all his moral being.

This poor man,

Beloved by all the villagers, was then
By grievous ailment to his bed confined
For seven weeks, and when at length he rose—
Not unassisted—fain to walk abroad,
With slow and feeble steps, it was his wont
To wander through the countryside alone;
Along the shady lanes, beside the lake,
A solitary man. If one he met,
Who proffered cheerful greeting, he would nod,

And mumble something scarcely audible,
Beyond construction, so that people said
They feared that he was not in his perfect mind.

(CHAUCER)

. . . I nat if hit be trewe or fals
But telle hit you as I hit redde
In Virgile and eek in Ovyde,
How that a gentil prince ther was,
That to him fel a grevous cas.
This noble highte Humptius,
Yit som men seyn Dumptius.
But sooth to seyn I understonde
Ther was non other in the londe
In richesse or in maistrye
That with this gentil prince coude vie,
Nor soon coude passe him in honour
And chivalrye, nor in socour.
Now al about the paleys rare
Whereinne he dwelte withouten care,
This prince bilt a heye walle
Of which if any man sholde falle
Adoun to the erthe upon his hede,
He moste be killed, it is no drede.
This Humptius of bisy thoght
Agen a neighebour prince foght.
Therefor, I gesse, it was his wone
On thilke walle to sitte alone,
And loke adoun on knightes slayn
As pissemys on the playn.
Allas! How ofte is foryeten
That sawe in Boece writen,
That seyth wise men thinke in sorwe
Of that mot falle hem on the morwe.
As Boccace sheweth us ful clere
Is the De Casibus so dere.

I wot my tale is long enogh.
For whan he saw hem on the playne
Himselven he ne coude distreyne,
But lepte for joye as he wer wood
And ful foryat wher that he stood.
He fel to the erthe, the erthe was shoken,
And Humptius he was to-broken.
Now sothe it is a pitous tale
That to the prince befel swich bale. . .

(MILTON)

At which the usurper, flagrant in his pride,
Drunk with ambrosial nectar and the boasts
Of swollen argument and vicious guile,
Clutching his tattered cloak about him, mounts
To that high eminence; as when some wind
From Afric's sandy waste or marine shore
Across the medial ocean bears its sway,
Rapacious, to assault the majestic calm
Of high Soracte or the mount of Jove—
Unknowing that its vapid flatulence
Is impotent to harm the Olympic shrine.
So, that coveted throne attained, the fiend
Long-suffering vaunts his prowess to the skies
And that celestial region where presides
The Omnipotent, who from the dark abyss of years
Destined defeat for rebels proud decreed.
He the presumptuous liege descrying checked
In that wild orgy of unrighteous joy;
His unstable equilibrium disturbed,
And him propelled out of that sacred throne—
Down, down, deep down, in parabolic curve
Descending, with acceleration due,
And swish of slashing steel and horrid shriek
Demoniac—dire punishment for dole
Unmerited—till with adamant clang
He strikes the massy earth and senseless swoons.
For whom the lesser monarch, in his court
Far distant in Arabia, or the plain
Where the Chorasmian river rushes on,

When the swift-pennoned messengers proclaim
The hideous rout, for suppedition sends
His Memphian chivalry, with profuse stores
Of potent drugs, rich balsams, spices rare,
From Indus and the farther Orient
Procured with wealth of kings. Which, when applied
To the fallen fiend in his deep somnolent state,
Produce no visible change.

(BROWNING)

You call me fool? A simile (by your leave):
Humpty Dumpty sits on the wall, exulting:
Whole world's beneath. (The de' casibus is obvious.
You'll overlook that?) Body's hoisted sheer
Out of muddy cart-rut up to stars. His soul
Skills nothing but the splurge of what he sees.
That's you—with your pardon—your philosophy!
Begin your Aristotle at the Ethics,
Read on to th'end (no skipping!), then you'll follow
With old Aquinas (the Summa), or perhaps
Erigena (Scotus, not Duns) is more your mark.
Time comes the heady wine gluts—Well, what's your
gain
Above the happiness of some poor dolt
Whose Latin's nil, but who yet glimpses God
In Cyprian's bones? (No offence! Fill up again.
You won't taste stuff like this in Padua.)
But wait! Your squatter who funk'd the scrum of
life,
Thinking he's nearer Truth than Rafael is,
Or Andrea—he's still not near enough—
Just when Infinity's in his fist's grasp,
He slips! Mathematics trips him—one small part
Of that same Truth at which he blindly aims
Undoes him!—Centre of gravity shifts. He lurches.
Meets earth, and wonders why he ever left it.
It's lost its savour. Medici can't help!

THE GREAT WAVE

by

MONA CAIRD

515 pp. 7s. 6d.

" . . . between idea and action
there is a shrewd relation which
it is fascinating to trace."

—*Morning Post*.

" . . . a most interesting and
intelligent book."—*Daily Herald*.

WISHART

RHYMING CROSS WORD—VII

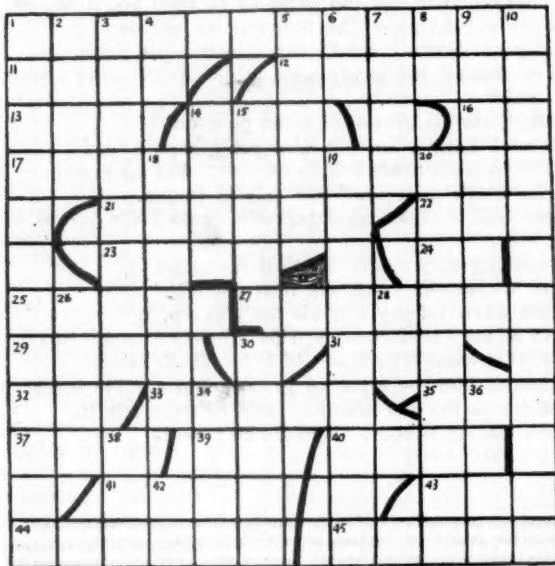
("THE UNKNOWN")

By AFRIT

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

(N.B.—Solvers need not write out the verses. It is sufficient to send in the completed square.)



CLUES.

(The references are to Verse and Line of the verse below.)

NOTE.—The mark / after a number means that the word or part of a word for which it stands has been divided between two or more words of the verse.

"THE UNKNOWN"

You ask me who I am?—I ask you, why?
10 and 1d, I;
Were all men dead, I'd sing no 4-18:
I have no 37-40 for their company;
I 5 my own 14d; my own resource
Is all I need: alone I 38-42 rev. my course.

I hate those lu-13, 21 30, who meet
In var-31-s restaur-2 and clubs t-28 rev./-at
25 rev.-ed eggs on t-39-st, tuck 23 41-e and onions,
And tell ea-16 rev. other stories, mostly funny 'uns,
Thinking that they 9 by being 8-mical
The pleasure of a process g-17.

Though I had naught to do, I should dep-part 27
Rest 27-sure so spent: 'twould irk me but the more;
It 44 not me my p-29-ial hours to spend
11/-attering nonsense. 26/ man attend
To what is cal-35-g to him from the table,
When there persists an endles-45/-hen ba-14a?

Though through 19 my eyesight fails,
Although 32-33 inflames my nails,
I am 15-led upon no doctor's list—
A medi-34/-eally do 6-43-t,
Might give a lull to bodily 22 rev.-ase,
But could h-20 rev./-centricities?

When folk, like 3 hordes, come after me,
And seek a 24 rev.-ue to my identity,
I say they'll find it in my small 7
(Or jewel-case)—but that they cannot see.
I then 12, till they begin to curse,
Such la 36/-mbic verse.

References (Verse and Line):

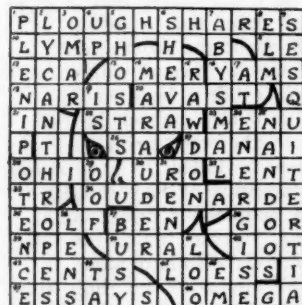
Across.

1. V, 6
11. III, 4
12. V, 5
13. II, 1
14. III, 6
16. II, 4
17. II, 6
21. II, 1
22. IV, 5
23. II, 3
24. V, 2
25. II, 3
27. III, 1, 2

Down.

1. I, 2
2. II, 2
3. V, 1
4. I, 3
5. I, 5
6. IV, 4
7. V, 3
8. II, 5
9. II, 5
10. I, 2
11. I, 5
15. IV, 3
18. I, 3
19. IV, 1
20. IV, 4
26. III, 4
28. II, 2
30. II, 1
34. IV, 4
36. V, 6
38. I, 6
42. I, 6

"MISS PUCK" SOLUTION



Ye elves that tread on ai-ry way
From elm to el-m without di-smay,
Abysmal though the g-loo-m be;
That trace a track through bent and straw
On noiseless h-oof and si-lent paw,
O mer-ry may your doom be!

When ghosts of men un-pe-aceful prowl,
And lycanthropes sit up and howl
In sesquitertia-l cadence,
Marauder-s al-l, an er-rant throng,
The elves go r-iot-ing along
To spoil our r-ural maidens.

"C-ome, ga-rner, ere the su-n aris-e,
Our as-tral lymph to energise,
Each maiden's tears and nas-cent s-ighs:
Such things she va-lues lightly;
Make your essays upon her eyes,
As black as s-loes s-he sleeping lies:
Yo-ur o-nly chance of such a prize
Is when she veils them nightly;

Plenipotence is ours till day.
'Twill soon be time t-o mar-ch away,
And cry Avast! as sailors say:
But, till the sun shines brightly,
Till ploughshares turn the sul-len s-ods,
Till morning light turns men to gods,
Till ta-wpie wakes, and owlet nods,
Get busy, boys; be sprightly!

The rest of this is not so hard:
Has Rawdon Crawley left his card?
Who fought the French at Oudenarde?
Who said, "Up, guards, and at 'em"?
Do nandoos live in Ohio?
(They're ostriches, that's all I know)
Do polar bears live on a floe?
Did Pitt become Lord Chatham?

RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. VI

The winner is Miss E. Hearnden, 24 Chalgrove Road, Sutton, who has chosen for her prize "The Poems of Wilfred Owen" (Chatto and Windus, 6s.).

(We greatly regret that owing to inadvertence, the Impression of Sir Thomas Beecham in last week's issue was wrongly described as M. Pierre Laval)

'BP'
RHYMES
OF THE
ROAD



Some talk of sixteen cylinders
some argue dynamos —



Streamlining, supercharging, rear axle ratios —



But when it comes to petrol
all motorists agree —
For speed and power and M.P.G.
there's none like Plus 'BP'.

*The blue 'BP' plus definitely ensures;—
Instant starting + amazing acceleration +
more M.P.G + fullest power + wonderful
hill-climbing + freedom from pinking*



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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 487

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, August 6)

SEE HERE THE MAIDEN FRIGHTENED BY THE SPIDER
WHICH, WHILE SHE FEASTED, TOOK ITS SEAT BESIDE HER.
"MISS" TO OMIT NECESSITY COMPELS;
HER DAINTY DISH OUR SECOND PILLAR SPELLS.

1. My fragrant blossoms usher in the spring.
2. Clip at each end an unreal, shadowy thing.
3. Shared with dear Gollywog the infant's heart.
4. In conversation slow to do his part.
5. She, of the Fatal Sisters, spins the thread.
6. "And so on,"—what it is we leave unsaid.
7. The story of the last F. COOPER wrote.
8. Thus ADAM felt while still he wore no coat.
9. To plough a lonely one was ROSEBURY's lot.
10. Pedestrians tread me, motors use me not.
11. Thanks of this kind, embarrass more than please.
12. Ephemeral, short-lived, like the passing breeze.

Solution of Acrostic No. 485

Beggar-maid	1	The ballad of King Cophetua and the
E sc Ulent		Beggar-maid is even better known than
L en T		Burne-Jones's famous picture in the
G aeli C		Tate Gallery, London.
parl s H	2	Sometimes used in England also for
A battol R		public slaughter-house.
N oon-d Ay	3	One of a genus of crabs that live in the
Hermit-craB		empty shells of molluscs such as periwinkles. See the amusing account of
A m Bit		their habits in George Henry Lewes's
gR iff In		'Sea-side Studies' (1858), pp. 46-50.
Etymologist	4	Griffins are the supporters of the Arms
S oi Ssons		of the City of London.

ACROSTIC NO. 485.—The winner is "Lilian," Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Margate, who has selected as her prize 'The Classic Races of the Turf,' by Guy B. H. Logan, published by Stanley Paul and reviewed by James Dickie in our columns on July 18, under the title "Horse-Racing." Ten other competitors named this book, twenty-two chose 'Kings in the Making,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Ali, E. Barrett, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Clam, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Barberry, Bobs, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Miss Carter, Gay, Jeff, Madge, Martha, Lady Mottram, F. M. Petty, Rand, St. Ives, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bimbo, A. de V. Blathwayt, E. H. Coles, Maud Crowther, D. L., Fossil, T. Hartland, Met, Penelope, Peter, Shorwell, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson. All others more.

Light 4 baffled 20 solvers; Lights 10 and 11, 12; Light 8, 7; Lights 5 and 6, 2; Lights 9 and 12, 1.

OUR THIRTY-SIXTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The leaders, after the Sixth Round, are: A. E., Ali, Bobs, Madge, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, one point down. A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Carlton, Clam, Gay, St. Ives, Tyro, two down. E. Barrett, T. Hartland, Met, three down. Mrs. Boothroyd, Miss Carter, Fossil, Miss Hearnden, Martha, Penelope, Peter, four points down.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE Stock Exchange reassembled last Monday morning in rather a less pessimistic mood. The heavy fall in the franc value of sterling during the previous week had led to unprecedented withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England, and the improvement in the rates which materialized on Saturday came at a very welcome moment. Whether this improvement will be maintained or not is an open question at the moment of writing these notes. At the same time, it is disconcerting to have to realize that the London money market can be subject to such disquieting incidents. There are two distinct schools of thought as to the reasons which cause the French withdrawals. There are some who contend that they are purely normal banking operations caused by a severe attack of French nerves. There are others who see in the movement a sinister move on the part of the authorities in Paris to use the money market as a suitable arena for political pressure. While, unquestionably, some of the withdrawals from France are due to panic and sudden loss of faith in sterling owing to the German position, it is difficult to reconcile the fact that during recent years similar situations have been created at moments of political tension with an entire absence of political motive in the movements. Whatever the cause, however, it is satisfactory that no greater ill-effects, at all events at the moment of writing, have been experienced. Looking ahead, nevertheless, one is given grounds for very serious thought. Recent withdrawals, admittedly, have been caused by incidents over which we have no direct control, but the day may dawn when our budgetary position itself will cause a repetition of recent happenings. The unsatisfactory state of affairs in this country has been overlooked during recent weeks, owing to the Central European turmoil. The position, however, exists all the same. Our gold position would be immune from these attacks if our national expenditure showed signs of being handled on sounder lines and a more favourable balance shown between our imports and our exports. When, as it is hoped, one crisis has been surmounted, it appears an unfortunate moment to have to start referring to the next. At the same time, it would be folly to ignore the dangerous road upon which we are travelling and the fact that, unless a very drastic change of policy is pursued in this country, eventually there will be another flight from the Pound based on panic as to the value of sterling, which may prove far more justified than the stupid movement of last week. While, admittedly, those responsible for our financial policy have had exceptional difficulties to contend with during the past twelve months, had they pursued a more reasonable policy in the matter of expenditure in the past, we should not find ourselves to-day taxed to such an extent that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be faced with a very serious problem in deciding where the extra revenue that he will now require can possibly be found. During recent months we have had the example of Australia and the heavy discount to which the Australian Pound has fallen. We have also seen how lack of confidence in Germany can cause financial chaos in a few days. Are these lessons being learnt in this country? It is unthinkable that they are not, but so far we are lacking in tangible evidence that their significance so far as we are concerned is being fully appreciated.

BRAZIL

Sir Otto Niemeyer's anxiously awaited report which he has submitted to the Brazilian Government has been published, and its contents should prove decidedly

satisfactory to Brazilian bondholders. Admittedly, Sir Otto finds much that he deems should be altered, but he closes his report by expressing what can be described as great confidence in the potentialities of the country of which he is writing, and a very definite opinion of the benefits that would accrue to it given sound financial administration. His recommendations can be divided into two main categories—steps that he advocates for the balancing of the Brazilian Budget, and procedure to be adopted in the creation of a Central Bank, the principal function of which would be to maintain a stable currency. There can be no question that Sir Otto has materially enhanced his own reputation by the masterly and lucid nature of his report. The Brazilian Government are to be congratulated on having been fortunate enough to have secured his services, and intelligent enough to propose to carry out his recommendations. If the policy outlined by Sir Otto is faithfully followed, one is justified in believing that the financial future of Brazil should prove a promising one.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

The declaration by the Southern Railway of an interim dividend of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on its preferred stock, in place of the usual $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., came as a very sharp disappointment to the Home Railway market, and prices generally were further depreciated. It would appear, however, that this fall has been overdone, particularly so far as the Southern Railway issues are concerned. This railway serves a district which is enjoying the benefit of the steady migration that is going on from London to the Home Counties. The number of passengers travelling to and from London daily on the Southern Railway service is steadily mounting up, a state of affairs that is likely to be given a material impetus when the electrification of the line to Brighton is completed. In these circumstances, while for the time being the reduction in the Southern dividend is, admittedly, disappointing, it would seem that those prepared to take the long view and able to exercise sufficient patience might well consider locking away some of this Southern preferred stock at the present level. Assuming that the final dividend is at the same rate as the interim, and the total distribution for the year is only 3 per cent. instead of the usual 5 per cent., even then the yield at the present price is 6 per cent., while the possibilities of the company's revenue eventually allowing the full 5 per cent. to be paid appear hopeful.

L. & N.E.R.

The London and North Eastern Railway figures were naturally bad, inasmuch as traffics, as had already been announced, had suffered a serious falling off. At the same time, it is decidedly satisfactory to learn of the very substantial economies that have been effected, which make a comparison between net revenue and gross revenue far more favourable than had been anticipated. As in the case of Southern Railway stock, so it is believed that London and North Eastern stock should also pay for locking away, the counter to be chosen in this company being the 4 per cent. second preference. Buyers, however, must realize that the dividend they will receive for the current year is a problematical one, and in locking away this stock they must base its attractions on the yield shown over a period, say of five or ten years.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the meetings of Threlfall's Brewery and Covent Garden Properties.

Company Meeting

THRELFALL'S BREWERY

FAVOURABLE RESULTS UNDER ADVERSE CONDITIONS

The forty-fourth annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Limited, was held on July 29, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Major Charles M. Threlfall, J.P. (the chairman), in the course of his speech, said: Your Board have to report a profit not quite as large as last year, but they feel that the result is quite satisfactory in view of the difficult and troublesome times through which we have passed and are still passing. One of the outstanding factors which has contributed very largely towards the decrease in our profits is the vast amount of unemployment in Lancashire, one of the most adversely affected areas in the country, and where our business is principally centred; it is regrettable to note that the number of unemployed has considerably increased since I last had the pleasure of addressing you.

In addition, we have had to pay a full year's charge of the extra impost of 3s. per barrel levied in the Budget of 1930. This increased taxation has amounted to a very considerable sum, no part of which was recoverable by us from our customers, as the assurances, which were given by the Trade to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have been observed.

POLICY OF PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT

I am, however, pleased to report that our reduced profit has not necessitated any slackening in our policy of progress and improvement; consequently many of the Company's properties have been modernised and extended during the past year in order to bring them up to that state of efficiency and comfort which it is always our aim to provide. New premises, conforming to the latest standard of improved public houses, have been erected and are in the course of erection.

I am pleased to add that the trading results of our Subsidiary—The West Cheshire Brewery Co., Ltd., of Birkenhead—continue to be very gratifying to your Board, and considerable improvements have been carried out and are still being effected on its properties.

Our relations with our employees are most cordial, and we propose to pay a bonus again to them this year.

After referring to the principal items in the accounts he proposed the adoption of the report and the payment of the dividends—6 per cent. on the Preference Shares and 20 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. G. M. Galloway (managing director) and unanimously carried.

Company Meeting

COVENT GARDEN PROPERTIES

The seventh ordinary general meeting of the Covent Garden Properties Co., Ltd., was held on July 29, at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, S.W., Mr. Philip E. Hill (chairman of the company) presiding.

The chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen, the directors' report shows that our total income is a little more than that of last year—that we have replaced our 6 per cent. Mortgage Debentures with Debentures at 5 per cent. interest—and formed a subsidiary property company. I now propose to outline a little more fully the transactions of the year and to give you some indication of your board's policy and plans for the future. At our last annual meeting I informed you that we had asked the Minister of Agriculture to inquire into the whole matter of Covent Garden Market, with a view to constituting a public utility company on similar lines to that of the Port of London Authority and the Metropolitan Water Board. As the matter is still under consideration by him, it would be premature and unwise for me to discuss it with you at the moment, other than to point out that pending a decision on this matter the board have thought it undesirable to deal with the site of the Tavistock Hotel, with the result at the moment that we are not getting anything like an adequate return from this property. The leases of the Opera House and of our Arlington Street properties fall into possession in 1933, when increased revenue from this source is anticipated.

The total sales of property made by the company and its subsidiary, the 1930 Property Co., Ltd., during the year, amount to about a quarter of a million, and the total purchases during the same period are approximately £1,400,000. The interesting purchases made by the 1930 Property Company during the year are the freehold site of the old Princess Theatre in Oxford Street, on which it is erecting new premises for Messrs. Woolworth and Waring and Gillows at an estimated cost of £300,000, and Africa House, in Kingsway, which is one of the principal banking and office buildings in that area. Apart from these we have acquired several other properties of minor importance in London. These transactions have, in the opinion of the board, been carried through at reasonable prices, and whether they are disposed of, or retained as a permanent investment, the result in either case should be satisfactorily remunerative.

We are gradually approaching the time when not only will our dividend requirements be met out of estate revenue, but, in addition, we shall have a surplus income, which, together with any profits available from our property transactions, will be available to build up substantial reserves.

The Report was unanimously adopted.

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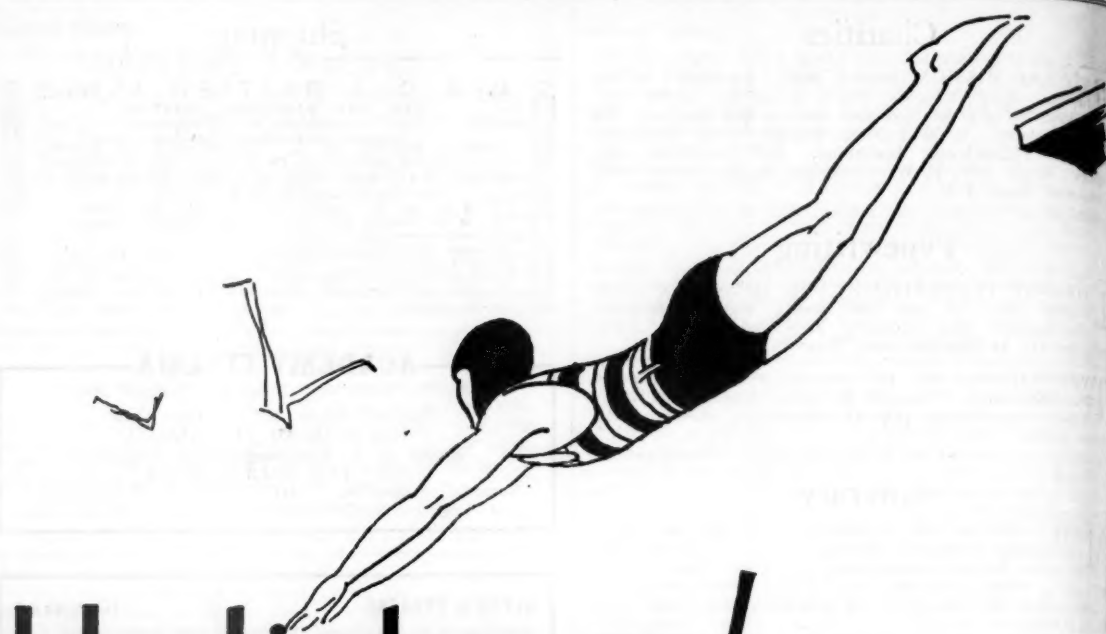
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